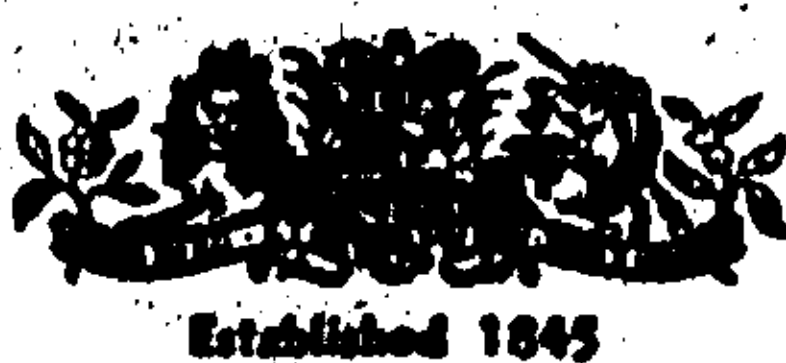


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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Weight Throwing

SOVIET diplomatic activity in Western Europe continues and is still infused by that offensive and even pugnacious spirit which has been so evident during the past few months. It is threatening rather than ingratiating in tone. Recent examples are the letter which the Russian Ambassador in Bonn addressed to Dr. Adenauer, and the vehement attack on the European Common Market plan by the Soviet representative in the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe.

The letter to Chancellor Adenauer emphasises the "new tone" of Soviet foreign policy, providing a sharp contrast to that which has, on the whole, been favoured during the past few years, whether to Germany or to other countries. It is reminiscent of Stalin's methods. He used to mingle assurances of his desire for peaceful co-existence with warnings of unpleasant possibilities for countries which did not comply with his requests. His successors are now employing the same method.

But both in its letter to Dr. Adenauer and its hostile criticism of the Common Market scheme the Russian government overshoot the propaganda mark. German opinion is sharply divided on the question of atomic armament. But there has been general resentment at the apparent attempt by the Kremlin to influence German policy by even veiled threats in the Economic Commission for Europe the Russians were very firmly told to mind their own business and to keep out of meddling in other people's affairs.

The Soviets may have intended to create alarm and thus to create dissension. What they have succeeded in doing is to arouse resentment. They must have sensed this already, yet they continue in the same line. Why?

The only rational answer appears to be that all these flamboyant gestures must have another object: that they are intended to impress public opinion in Russia and the satellite states. The Russians are expected to feel proud and gratified; the satellites and "neutrals" awed.

Whatever the motives, one fact is clear: at this moment, in many diverse ways, the Soviets are busily engaged in what is popularly known as "throwing their weight about."

YIU CHEUK-YIN IS COLONY'S FOOTBALLER OF THE YEAR

Philip's 56-Minute Television Session

London, May 17. Prince Philip, tonight took millions of British children and their parents 40,000 miles around the world in a television peep at the Commonwealth people, who he declares "stick together not by force but because we all like each other."

The 35-year-old prince—the first member of Britain's royal family to present a studio television programme—spoke to the children of Britain for 56 minutes—16 minutes longer than he announced he was going to—in an illustrated lecture of his four months' Commonwealth tour last winter.

His audience—estimated to be bigger than the previous record of 11,500,000 for the Football Association Cup final—saw a relaxed, confident and at times humorous performance by a man—himself a father—who obviously had had plenty of experience of satisfying eager questioning by his own two children.—Reuters.

Submarine Feared Sunk

Amsterdam, May 17. A Danish freighter in the North Sea reported tonight that it had sighted a flashing, smoking buoy, believed to have been released from a sunken submarine.

The radio report from the freighter Mary North, picked up here, said the buoy was cone-shaped and about 25 inches long, with an irregularly flashing light at its tip. It was painted red, white and black and white smoke was issuing from it.

There was no immediate clue as to the nationality of the submarine which the freighter believed released the buoy. The Mary North said it was standing by the buoy, which is about midway between Britain and the Northern Netherlands, near the Newcastle to Hamburg shipping lane.—United Press.

State Counsellors

London, May 17. The Counsellors of State during the visit of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to Denmark will be Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Kent and the Princess Royal, the London Gazette announced today.—France-Press.

Polls Record Vote



Yiu Cheuk-yin, (above) South China's brilliant inside-left, is Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the 1956-57 season as voted for by readers of the China Mail.

And he won the nomination and the China Mail silver cup by a tremendous three to one majority over his nearest competitor—last year's Footballer of the Year, Ho Cheung-yau.

Yiu Cheuk-yin created a record by polling more than half the total number of nominations submitted—2,289 out of 4,071. The aggregate number of nominations was also the highest since the China Mail Footballer of the Year competition was inaugurated four years ago.

Although 19 players received nominations, three of them ate up a total of 3,339 out of the 4,071 votes cast.

After Ho Cheung-yau's 742 nominations came Chow Man-chow with 308 votes.

Others to receive nominating votes were: Hogan (Army), Tang Sum (KMB), Mok Chum-wan (South China), Fowler (Army), Chai Wing-keung (Eastern), Au Chi-yin (Police), D. Wright (HKFC), H. Pickering (HKFC), G. Armstrong (HKFC), Ko Po-keung (Eastern), Yeung Way-to (Kitchener), Tong Sheung (South China), Chan Chi-kong (South China), Luk Tak-hay (South China), Toledo (Eastern) and Allen (Army).

Next Wednesday evening at the South China Morning Post Staff Club Yiu Cheuk-yin, Hongkong's new Footballer of the Year, will receive his engraved trophy, presented by the China Mail, from the hands of Mr. D. Benson, OBE, JP, a member of the S.C.M. Post, Ltd., Board of Directors.

A representative gathering of prominent football officials and other sportsmen will be present to see Mr. Yiu receive his memento.

MIRACULOUS RESCUE OF ENTOMBED CHILD

New York, May 17. A crew of never-say-quit workers tonight miraculously rescued seven-year-old Benny Hooper from the bottom of a well shaft after he had been imprisoned for nearly 24 hours and given up for dead.

The dramatic rescue of the sandy-haired boy came only 19 minutes less than 24 hours after he had slipped into the newly-dug well while playing behind his home.

Rescuers reached him by digging an emergency shaft parallel to the well, then burrowing through 15 feet of shifting, sandy soil to the spot where the boy was wedged in the ten-inch shaft. They reached him after repeated land-slides had thwarted their efforts. A few minutes later they brought him out to the bottom of the emergency pit. Then came the doctor's dramatic and joyful words: "The boy's alive."—United Press.

YANGTSE RIVER BOAT DISASTER: 100 DEAD

Paris, May 17.

Some 100 persons were killed when a Yangtse river boat went up in flames and sank on April 26 last in the "biggest river navigation disaster" since the Chinese Communists came to power, the New China news agency reported today.

The agency said the boat, carrying 281 passengers, went up in flames for unknown reasons, and that "one hundred bodies have been recovered."

The government took emergency measures to help the survivors, the agency said. It added that the cause of the fire was being investigated.—France-Press.

NEARING DECISION ON CHINA TRADE

Washington, May 17.

Fourteen of the 15 Chincom (China Coordinating Committee) powers are reported to be near a decision to abolish the China trade list for the Soviet Russian trade list in their commercial dealings with Communist China, according to usually reliable diplomatic sources.

The sources said latest dispatches from Paris, where Chincom is in session, indicate that all the Chincom nations except the United States appear to be willing to apply the same trade restriction rules to Communist China as those being applied to Soviet Russia.

This would mean, as far as they are concerned, that the China list—which is much stricter than the list of products exportable to Soviet Russia—would be abolished and the 14 powers would pledge themselves to observe the same rules in regard to Communist China as are applied to their trade with Russia.

The Chincom meeting was convened in Paris after the State Department sent a note to the Foreign Ministries of the other 14 Chincom countries modifying the China list but not abolishing it.

At the same time the State Department suggested more stringent rules for trade with Soviet Russia. This was believed to apply especially to such exports as British copper wire to Soviet Russia.

The Chincom nations include all the NATO countries with the exception of Iceland, and also Japan.

The sources understood that such staunch anti-Communist countries as Turkey and Portugal were reported to go along with Britain and other Chincom nations in favouring the same trade rules be applied to Communist China as to Soviet Russia, but on the condition that these rules are strictly applied.—United Press.

Tornadoes First, Then Floods

Chicago, May 17.

Floods followed an outbreak of deadly tornadoes in the southwestern storm belt today, bringing new distress to portions of Texas, Kansas, and Oklahoma.

In New England, widespread frost was reported with low temperatures for this late in the spring.

A United Press count showed at least 29 persons killed in the violent weather during the last two days. Twenty were killed in the tornado at Silverton, Tex. Oklahoma reported eight storm deaths and Kansas one drowning.

MOVE FURNITURE

At Wichita, Kansas, the US Weather Bureau warned that conditions along the little Arkansas River were ripe for a repetition of the disastrous floods of 1951.

Some residents of North Wichita already were moving their furniture and belongings to higher ground. Homes were flooded by the overflow from storm sewers and from the shallow Chisholm Creek.

Workers were busy sand-bagging the levees along the little Arkansas, and firemen rounded boats for evacuation duty.—United Press.

H-BOMB TEST A COMPLETE SUCCESS

London, May 17.

Mr Harold Macmillan, the Prime Minister, said tonight that Britain's first hydrogen bomb explosion had had "a successful outcome."

At the same time the Minister of Supply, Mr Aubrey Jones, said that the fallout was "insignificant." A survey after a few hours showed very little contamination even below the point of burst.

Mr Jones said: "A preliminary evaluation of the scientific records confirms that the explosion was in the megaton range. (Equivalent to one million tons of TNT)."

The Prime Minister's comment on the success of the test explosion which took place high above the Central Pacific on Wednesday, was in a message of congratulation to Sir William Penney, director of the atom weapons research establishment. He described it as "a fine achievement."

The statement by the Minister of Supply said: "I have now received further reports about the recent nuclear tests in the Central Pacific."

"A preliminary evaluation of the scientific records confirms that the explosion was in the megaton range."

"The detonation took place high in the air above the sea in an area carefully chosen to avoid any danger to inhabited areas, and to be as far away as possible from normal shipping lanes and air routes."

"Careful search before the test showed that the area was clear of all shipping."

FIRST RUN DROP

"The bomb containing the nuclear device was dropped in clear weather on the first run over the target. The base of the fireball was well above the surface of the sea."

"Fallout was insignificant and a survey after a few hours showed very little contamination even below the point of burst."

"High flying aircraft of the royal air force collected samples of the cloud for analysis."

"The test passed off without untoward incident and everything went according to plan."

"Official observers from Canada, Australia and New Zealand and from the United States of America, witnessed the explosion from a ship of the task force."

"All personnel concerned with the operation, both scientific and service, merit the highest praise for their work."

FINE ACHIEVEMENT

The Prime Minister's letter to Sir William Penney, who stayed in Britain during the test, said: "I want to send you my personal congratulations on the successful outcome of the first nuclear weapon test. This is a fine achievement and reflects great credit on the combined efforts of every member of the staff of the atomic weapons research establishment. I hope it will be a landmark in the history of mankind."

\$70,000 Paid Out

Port Said, May 17. It was learned tonight that British shipping companies had paid into a new account at the Egyptian National Bank £70,000 in free sterling for passage and supply of ships using the Suez Canal.—Reuters.

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Co-starring **ADOLPHE MENJOU** **TOMMY NOONAN**
NITA TALBOT • LILA MEXLEY • MELVILLE COOPER • DILL GORDON • HOWARD MUNEAR
Technicolor
RKO-SCOPE

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KING'S at 11.15 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
BUD & LOU in "LOST IN HAREM" MIGHTY MOUSE
An M-G-M Picture TECHNICAL COLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Admission \$1.00 & \$1.50

PRINCESS

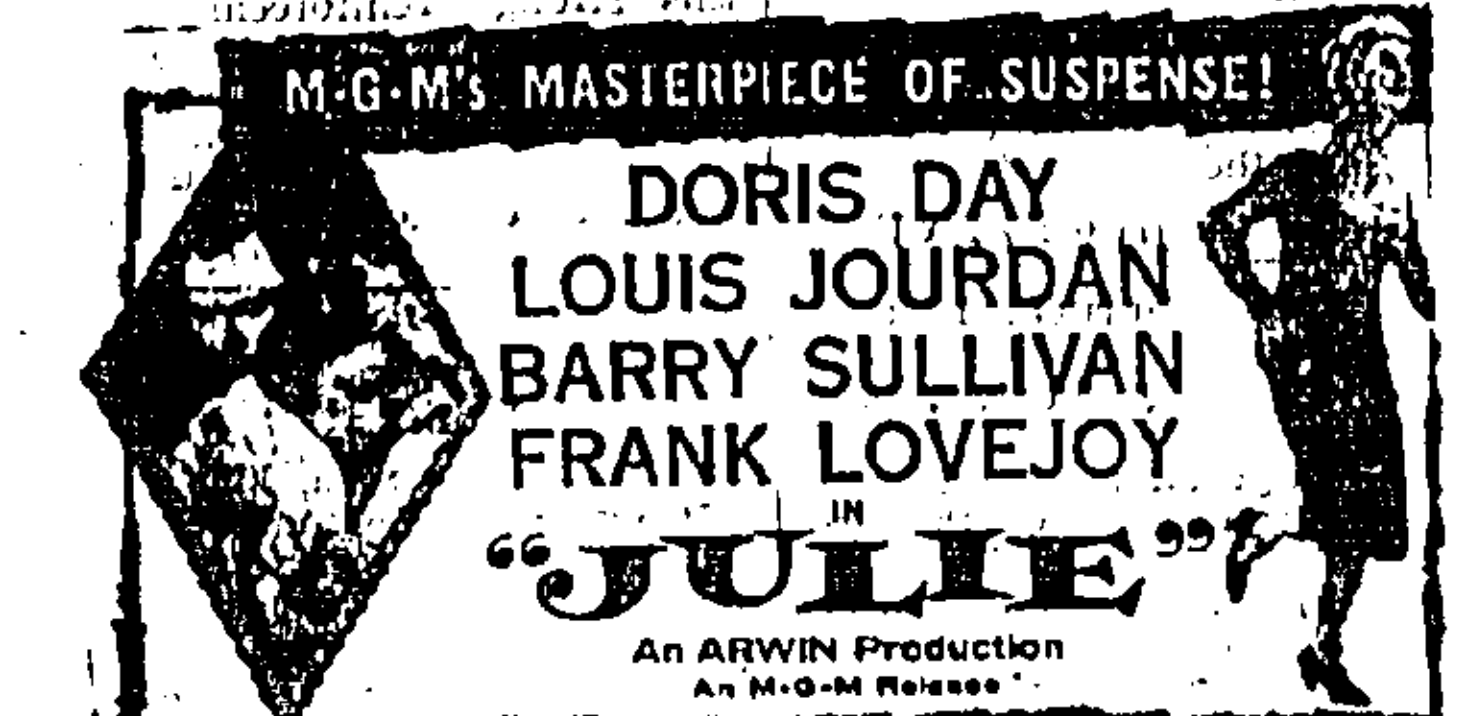
TO-MORROW at 12.10 p.m.
MINERVA Movietone presents an Indian Film
SOHRAB MODI in
"RAJ HATH"
Also starring Madhubala, Pradeep Kumar, Ullhas, Kammo, Murad and others
Produced & Directed by **SOHRAB MODI**
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No. 1 pilot was killed. No. 2 was wounded!
What would you do if you were the hostess?



SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12:00 — REDUCED ADMISSION
HOOVER THEATRE **LIBERTY THEATRE**
Gary Cooper Ava Gardner
Burt Lancaster in "THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA"
"VERA CRUZ"

AIR-CONDITIONED STAR METROPOLE

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



STAR & METROPOLE 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW.
Extra Performance of "RUN FOR THE SUN" At 12.30 p.m.
TO-MORROW SPECIAL MORNING SHOW
STARS AT 11.00 a.m. **METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.**
THREE STOOGES COMEDY **FOX TECHNICAL COLOR**
TECHNICAL CARTOONS **CARTOONS**
At Reduced Prices

FILMS

THREE GIRLS IN TOWN

This Week's Films In Pictures



SOPHIA
Loren in "Boy On A Dolphin"
The girl on a dolphin is assisted in her aquatic pursuits by Ladd and Webb.



DEBBIE
Reynolds in "Bundle Of Joy"
She has a baby and nobody believes her story that she's as innocent as she looks.



DORIS
Day in "Julie"
Julie is on the run and Louis Jourdan's after her. The snag is that he's her husband.

Stereotyped

Run For The Sun:
I've said before that I'm getting tired of seeing pretty girls with little acting ability, vacant expressions and torn shirts being lugged through swamps and carried half fainting through jungles in order to prove that the hero is a he-man.

I seem to remember having been equally rude about screen Englishmen who go about calling strangers "old boy" and Germans who in this year of 1957 persist in being subservient about the glory of coming from pure Aryan stock. An added note is the simple peasant who is browbeaten by the aristocratic Englishman and the arrogant German yet is voiced into sweet reasonableness by an American whose only form of communication with him is an air of helplessness and an oft repeated "Gracias".

In spite of all this there is something about "Run For The Sun" that makes it an entertaining film. The plot is about as subtle as a sledgehammer and the stock characters mentioned above need never open their mouths if originality of dialogue is what you're after, yet surprisingly enough you find yourself caring what happens to the hero and heroine.

Literary Slumming

For an eminent writer, Richard Widmark's colloquial college Americanism is literary slumming of the first order and even Jane Greer's suggestion that he should talk as good as he writes, falls on deaf ears. He's supposed to be a serious minded author who has suddenly stopped writing because of personal worries and problems. I seem to remember having read somewhere that these identical troubles acted as a spur to the imaginative class who make their living by the typewriter; however, Mr Widmark is moulded from different clay and from being a seeker after truth he has descended to being a "hider from reality". This is where the girl comes in. She is the representative of a magazine specialising in finding out the truth—if the subject has been so dull as to be uninteresting—about personalities and events in the news. Naturally she can't tell the object of her investigations that he is just another headline so romance has to creep in. If you haven't guessed by now that by pure accident these two find that they have a lot in common and that the fiction of love develops into the fact of affection, then you must be either very young or never have attended an American produced movie before.

Young Lovers

Off into the blue fly our young lovers in an old world setting that the Academy Committee at Rai Tey would probably never allow on the air-

field. The inevitable happens and the couple are left coast down in the middle of the jungle with nothing more local than a dishevelled hair-style for the girl and a becoming gash on the forehead for the man. Enter now our two villains, Trevor Howard, older than the hero—I believe I forgot to mention that his name is Richard Widmark—has so much more charm than the so-called author that when he meets his "daddy" I was quite sorry. Not so Peter Van Eyck. As a German officer in "Attack" he was suitably convincing, but as a confirmed Nazi, hiding away in the jungle until the day of liberation his performance is, to be kind, mediocre. And so to Jane Greer. Her's is a new type of attraction and the coolness, lack of the more obvious, corrected curves and general air of restraint was refreshing. That her acting is limited to a widening of the eyes and an ability to faint gracefully doesn't matter a great deal in a film of this sort, nor does the fact that the picture must have been made on a very low budget. I happened to like it—perhaps the mood in which I went along had a little to do with my enjoyment—and if you don't expect an epic, the colour and even pace will compensate for the stereotyped story.

Little To Be Said

Abandon Ship:
It would be nice to be able to say something good about "Abandon Ship" but without risking the possibility of a sit-down strike from my all too patient typewriter there is little to be said for it. Tyrone Power, as the man in charge of an over-filled lifeboat crammed with grand hotel characters whose dialogue is as hackneyed as their reactions, looks as though he were acting in a nightmare film designed for dancers and executed by a Greek chorus. Poor Marie Lohr, whose previous work I have always admired, must have shuddered more realistically than in "A Town Like Alice" at her appearance and dialogue.

Idea Good

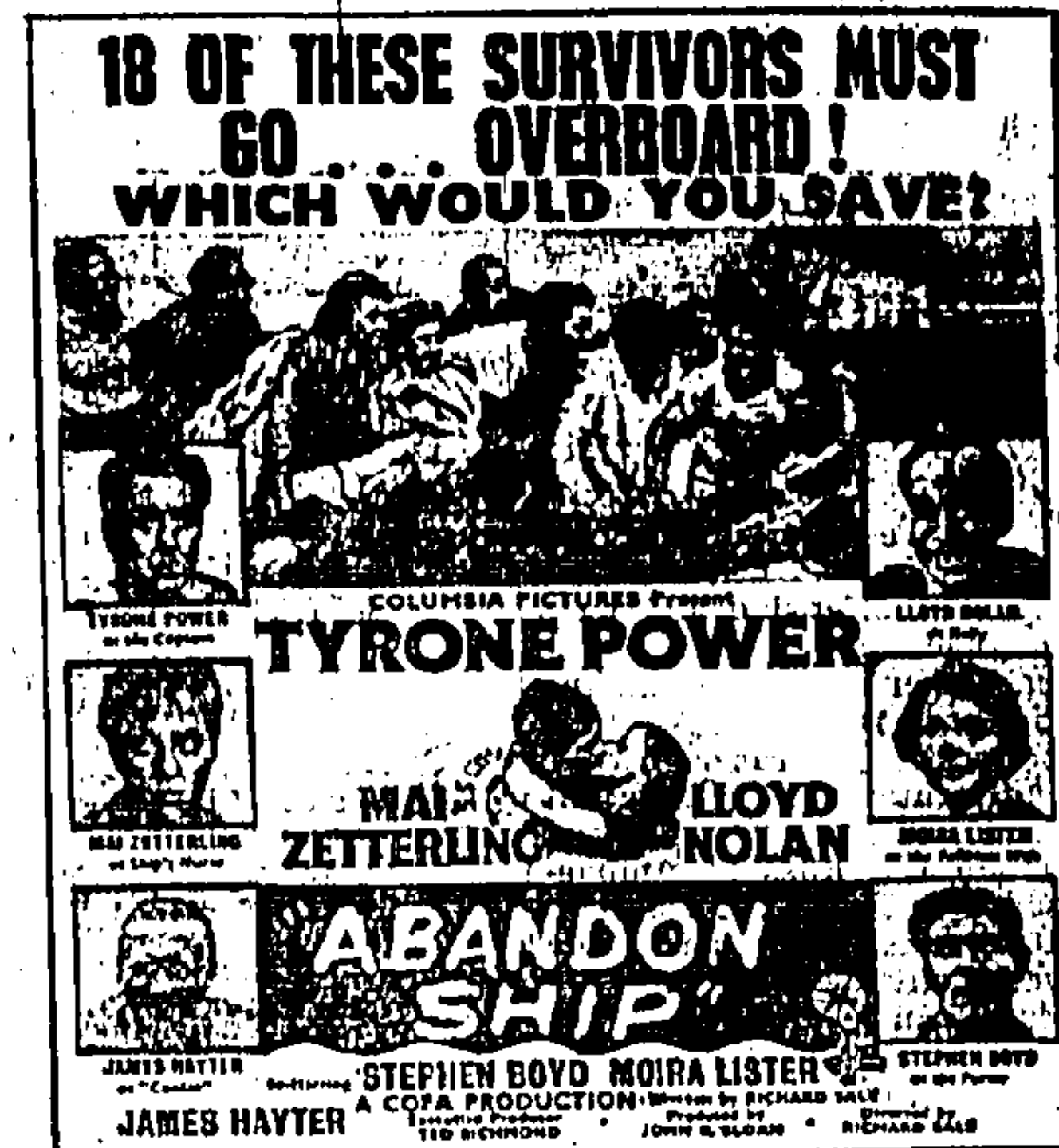
The idea was good, but it's only too obvious that it was a vehicle with which to build up the British blue-eyed boy, Stephen Boyd, and to emphasise the appeal of Linda Christian's ex-husband, Tyrone Power. The problems of the ensnarement of the lifeboat never come to life and even that veteran actor James Hatcher brings little conviction to his part. Mal Zetterling would have done better to have stuck to refugees and their attitudes if the black and white camera is going to be so unkind to her—at least she'd get some sympathy that way, and as for Lloyd Nolan—Well!

Monroe Will Never Touch Grable

"Monroe will never touch the heights of Betty Grable, even if she keeps going for ten years," Darryl F. Zanuck, the biggest movie-gambler in Hollywood, has known, makes this statement emphatically. He takes production credit for all the Grable pictures at Twentieth Century-Fox, except for a couple made before he moved in there. In comparing these stars, Zanuck is talking in terms not of talent but in profits and losses at the gaming table of the box office. "The money she made!" he exclaims of Grable. "I've many years she was Number One in the actress polls. Her pictures grossed more than any other star, I think, including Shirley Temple." But let's now go into this Monroe claim, Zanuck agrees

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

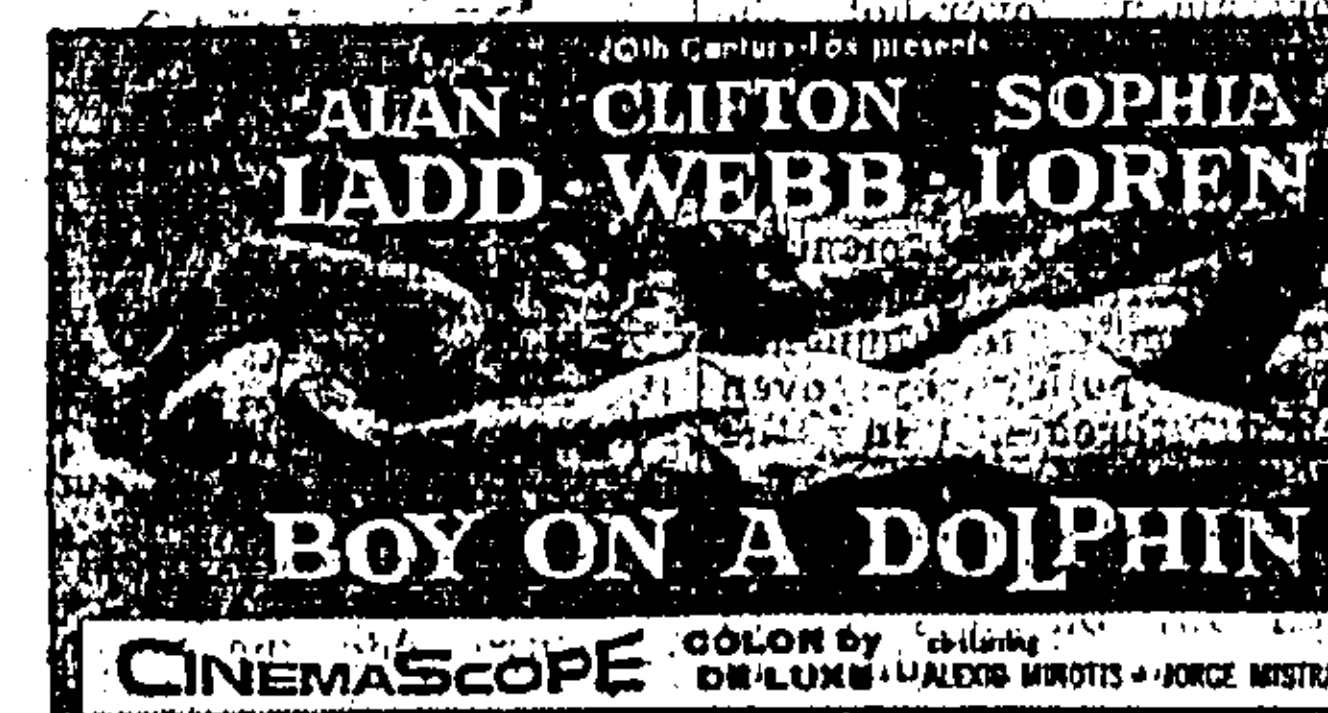
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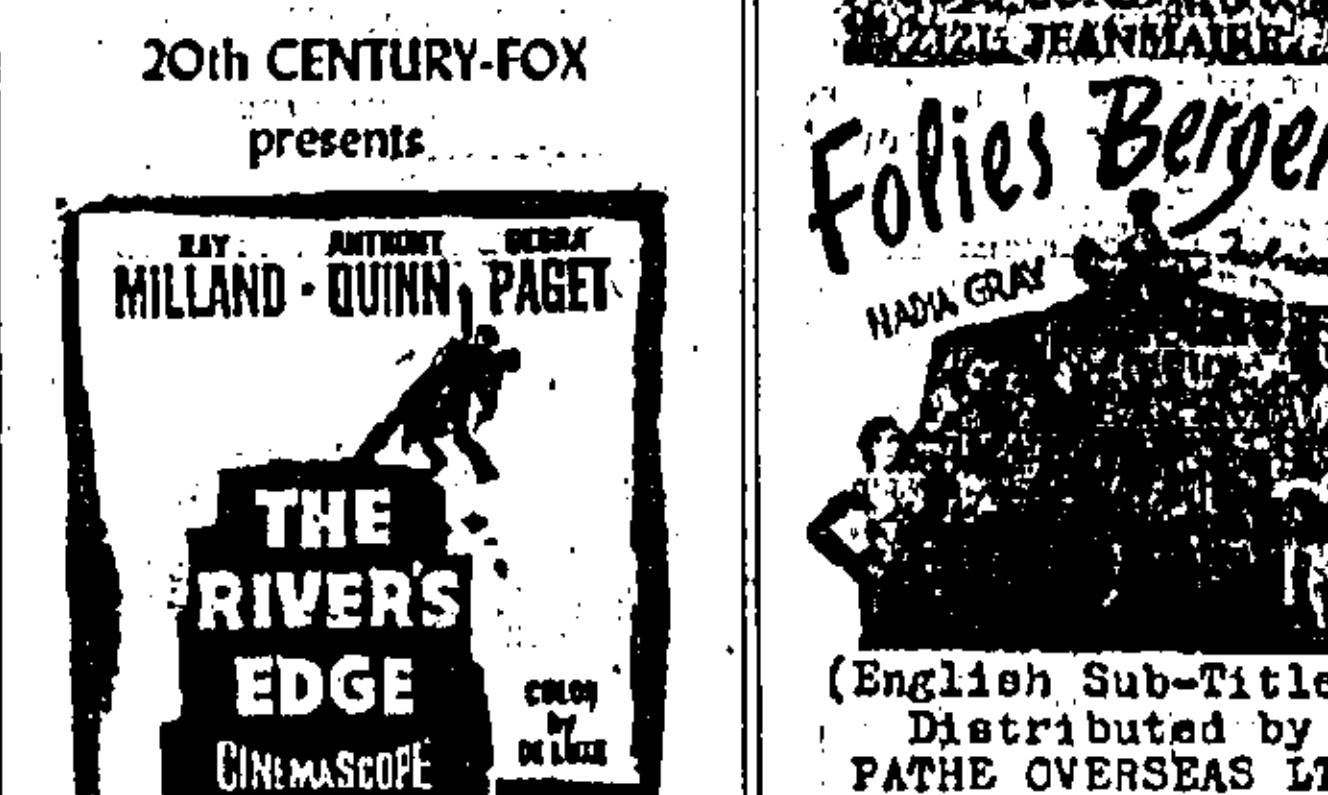


ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow.
Extra Performance of "BOY ON A DOLPHIN"
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon | BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M TECHNICAL COLOR CARTOONS
— At Reduced Prices —

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

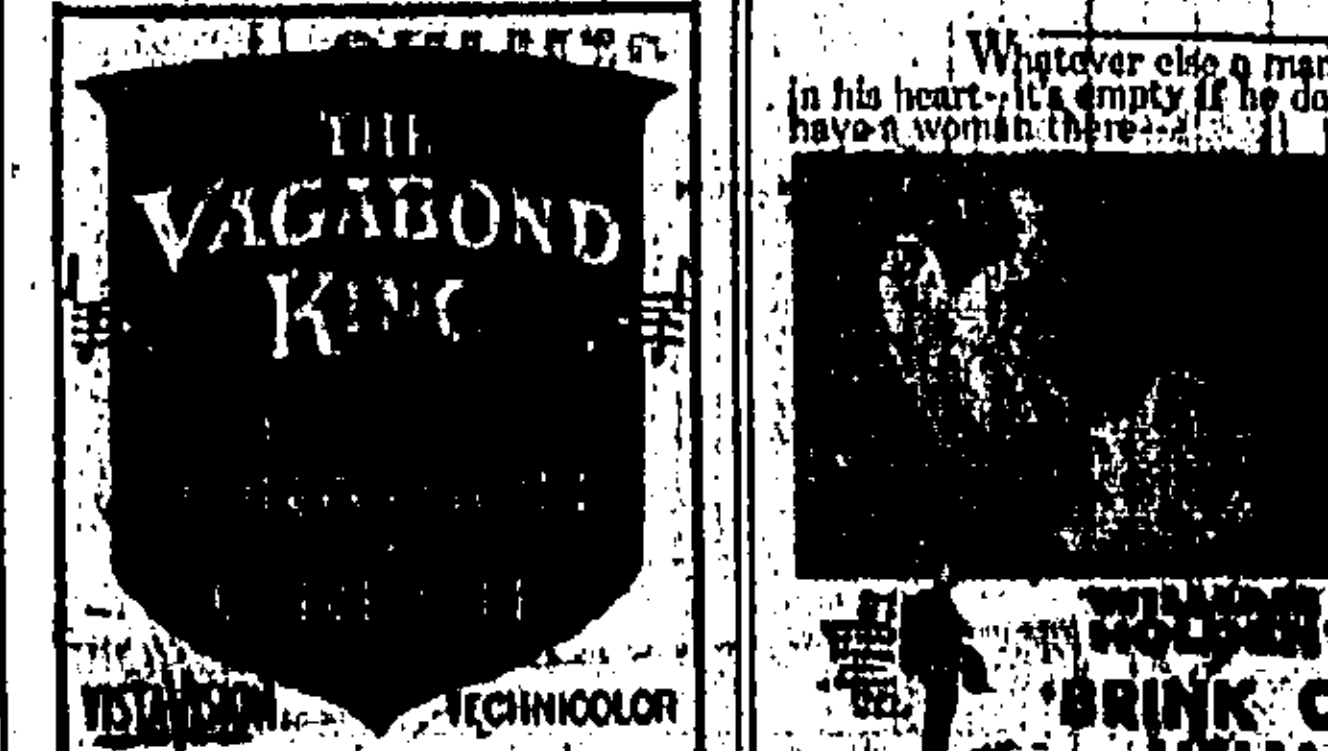
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Morning Show To-morrow 12.30 "DARK AVENGER"
Sunday Morning Show 12.30 "JUNGLE GODDESS"

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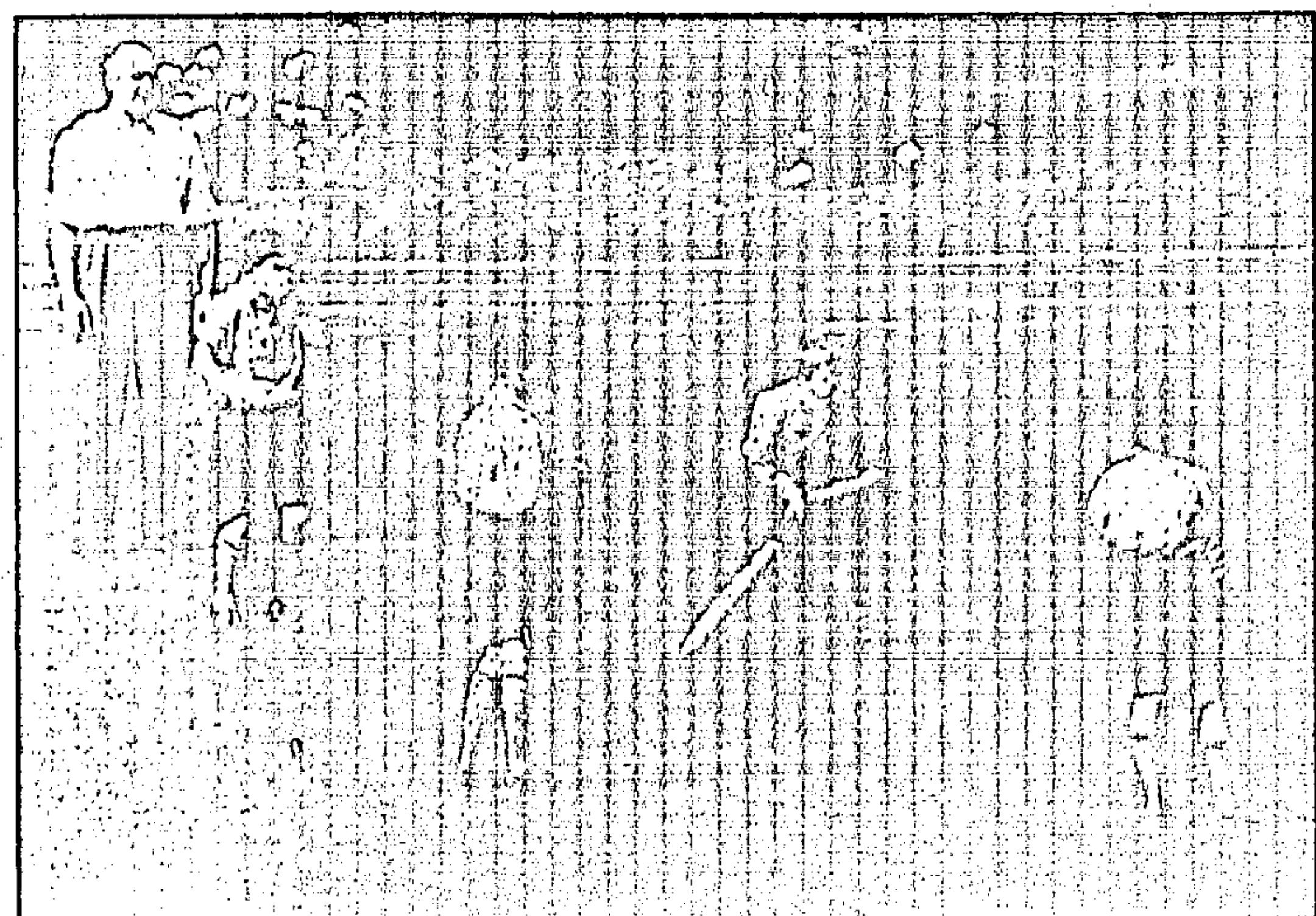
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



To-Morrow Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.
Jeff Morrow • Faith Domergue
"THIS ISLAND EARTH"
To-Morrow Evening Show At 12.30 p.m.
George Morfery in "MASTERS OF KANSAS"

Rediffusion FOR PERFECT ENTERTAINMENT

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



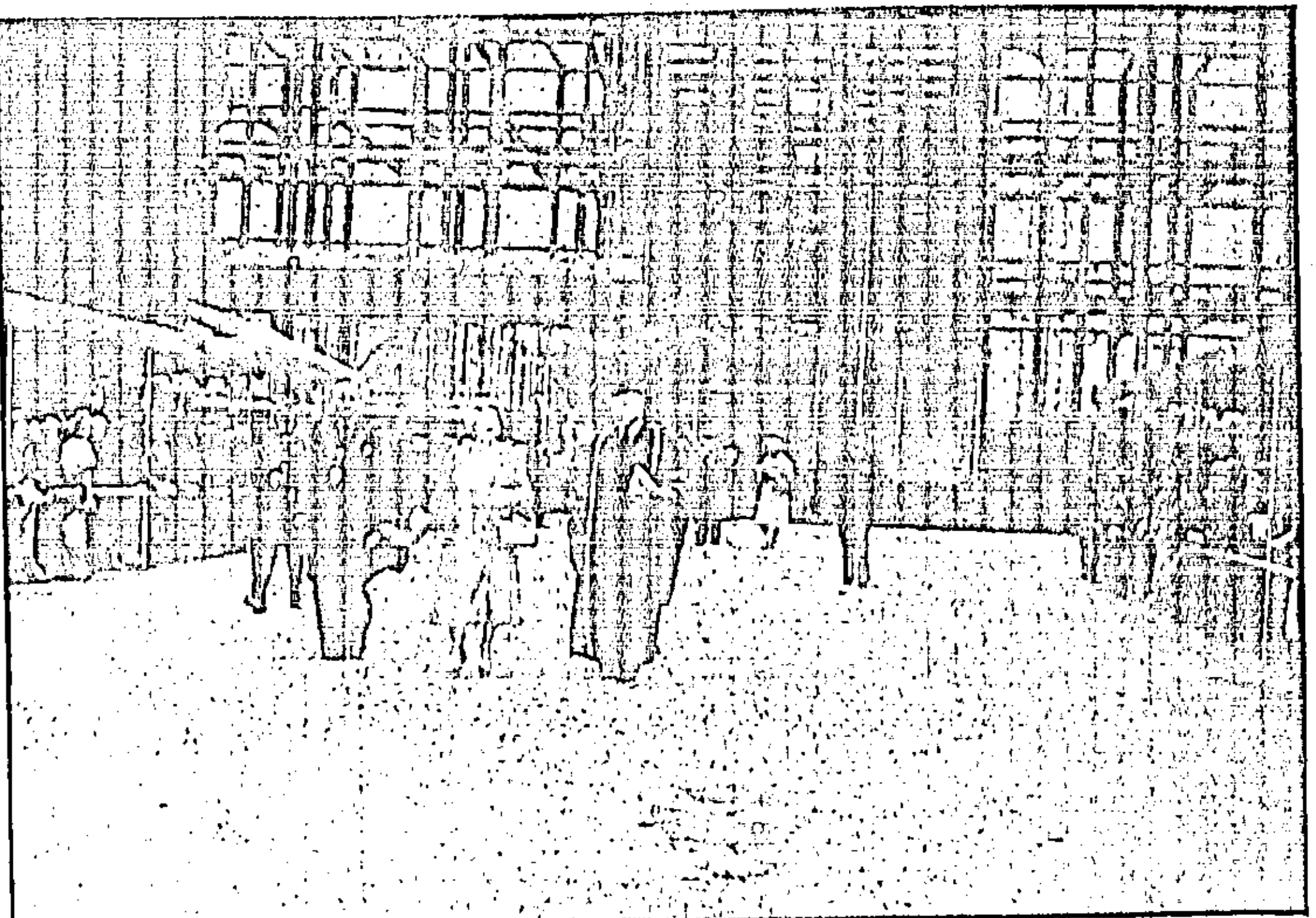
Traditional Prep School cricket, complete with Billy Dunter—and that's PRINCE CHARLES keeping wicket. (Express)



RIGHT: Duchess of Windsor, wearing black and two ferns shopping in London . . . where (LEFT) the Duke can treat himself to a new hat, and then walk out into St James's unnoticed. (Express)



BELOW: Stefan Simon, once a Hungarian head forester, now £8 a week woodsman to the Princess Royal at Harewood estate . . . has asked the Ministry of Labour to help search for "a housekeeper—with a view to marriage." (Express)



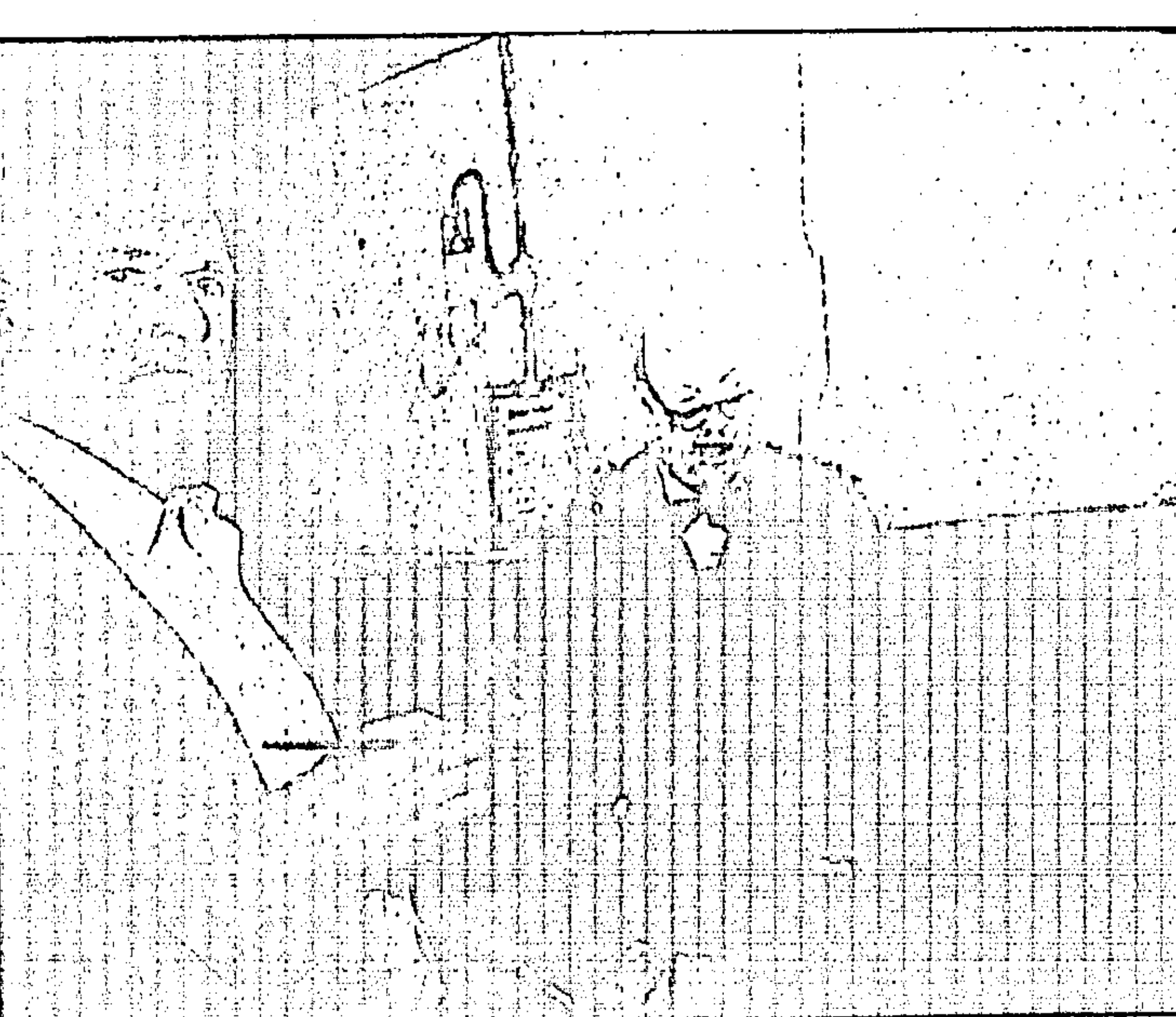
QUEEN ELIZABETH, the Queen Mother, pictured in Birmingham after she had laid the foundation stone for the city's new £600,000 library. (Express)

BELOW: Monty in his garden at Alton—where he is taking things easy after an operation. (Express)



JAMES ORR, (39) former Chief Inspector Kenya Police has taken over duties as Prince Philip's private secretary—replacing Lieut-Cdr. Michael Parker. (Express)

BELOW: Captain of Australia's cricket team, Ian Craig (21) at work in a London chemist's shop where he will be until the Australia's tour of South Africa this autumn. (Express)

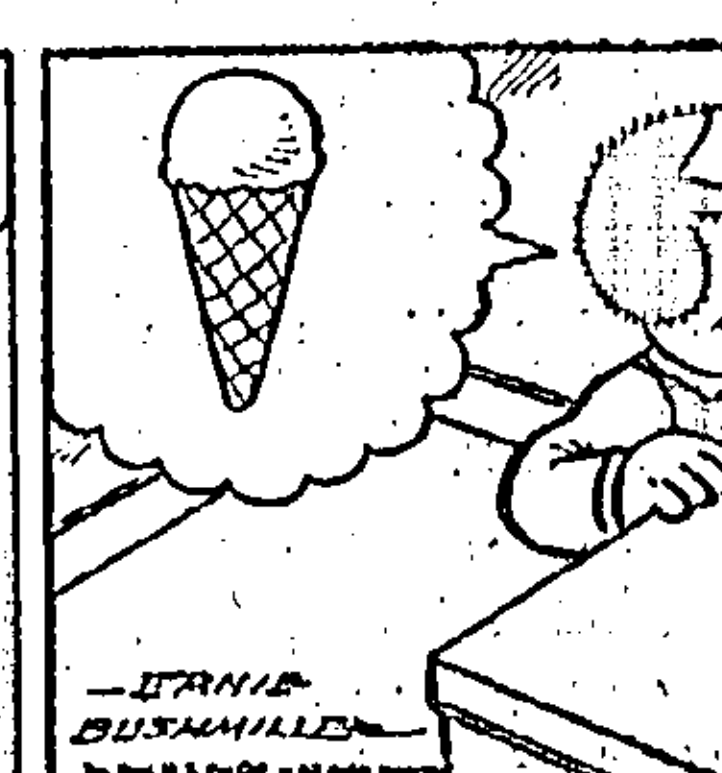
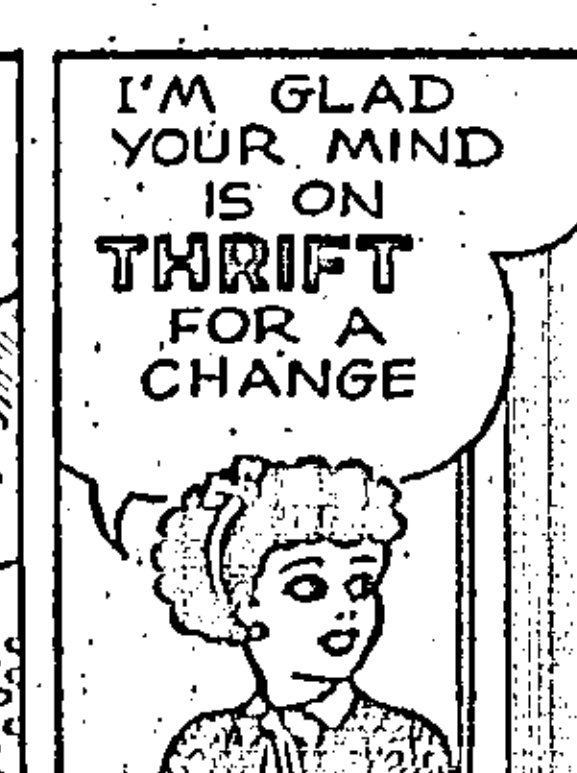
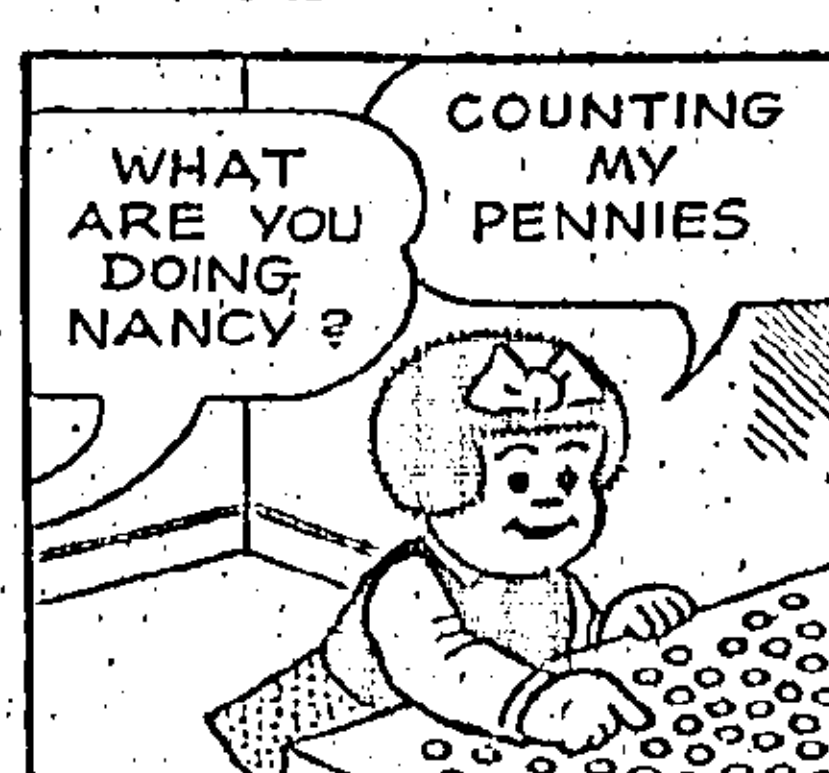


RUSKIN SPEAR is seen with his controversial picture at this year's Royal Academy exhibition—Sir Winston delivering a speech against a red and black background (price £750). Sir Winston's opinion—"surprised to see it, and then very annoyed." (Express)

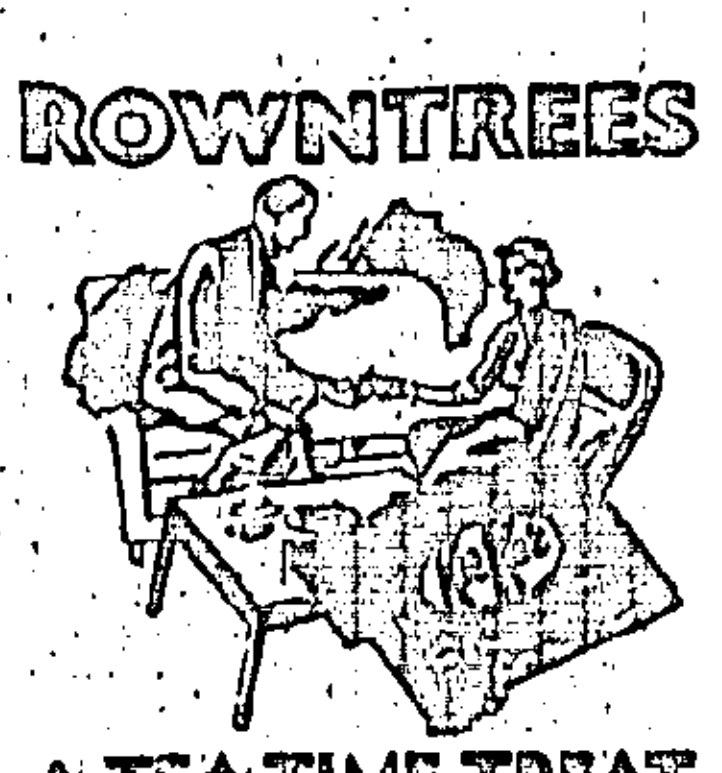
LEFT: Annual dinner at the Royal Academy—stronghold of the traditional in sculpture and art. (Express)



NANCY



By Leslie Bushmiller



Chapter 7



ALL good things have an end; and the Basie band was no exception. What would have happened if it had not been for Adolf Hitler is anybody's guess. But the war came. Many musicians joined the armed forces. Many bands broke up.

The Basie band was quite a time in folding. Its success continued for a while, with concerts at Carnegie Hall among its most outstanding contributions to the musical scene.

In 1941, the band was registered fifth in Down Beat's annual Swing Poll.

By 1942, as Basie's style developed still further, the band began to feature soloists closely integrated with the ensemble.

The music became suave. The reeds and brass were skilled in humorous and sarcastic tonal inflections. Basie's rhythm—often breathless and frenetic—kept him on the way to commercial success.

Music critic Wilder Hobson wrote: "In small and informal places, such as a Negro country club in New Jersey—'The Shady Rest'—Basie's group gave examples of the most excellent large band playing."

The band played with apparent effortlessness, 14 men attacking as freely and spiritedly as five might do, always giving a sense of ample reserve power."

In 1942, when the band joined the William Morris Agency, bookings were lined up—for months ahead.

In 1943, the band was featured in two films, "Reverie for Beverly," and "Hit Parade." Many of the band's numbers were now regarded as jazz classics, among them, of course, their theme tune, "One O'Clock Jump," "Jumping at the Woodside," "Every Tub," and "One, Two, Three O'Clock."

Basie cut many discs with Benny Goodman's Chamber Music group, and also with Benny's Sextet. One of the best-remembered sides from these sessions is a number made by the Sextet—"I've Found a New Baby."

But war or no war, 1943 was one of the happiest years in the Count's life. For it marked the sequel of a chance meeting which occurred back in 1932 when he was in New York City playing piano with Bennie Moten's Orchestra.

They were playing at the Lafayette Theatre, which included a girl show. And in the chorus was a fine chocolate-skinned girl, called Catherine.

Catherine was then working with the Whiteman Sextet. After the show, the Count chatted with her and found they had a lot in common.

But it was not until some time later in Kansas City that they met again. They worked together at the Harlem Club. By this time, Catherine was doing specialty dances; the Count was still with Moten.

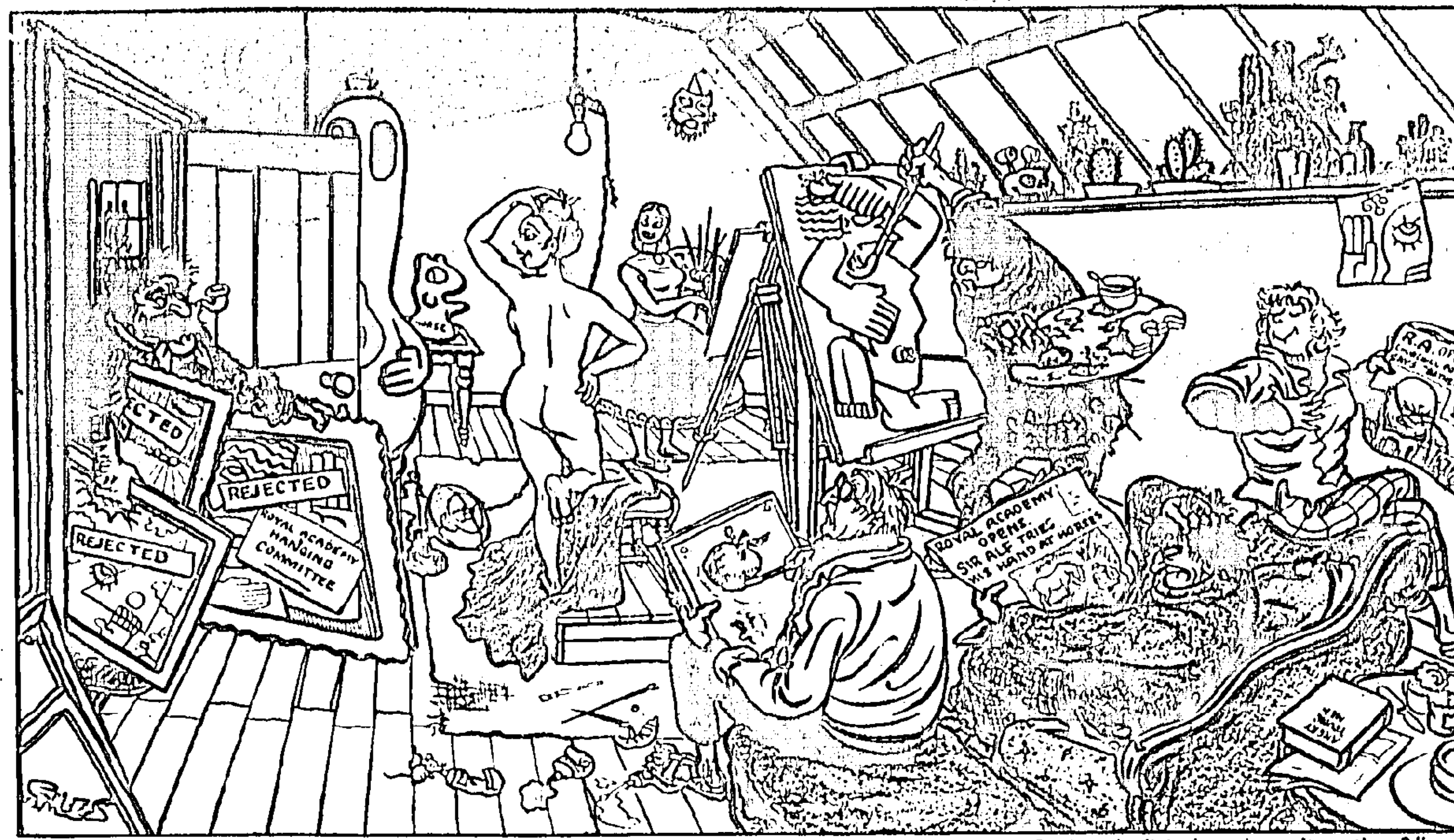
The Count never was a believer in rushing things—particularly when it came to such a delicate step as getting married. But, 11 years after the first meeting, he decided to plunge.

"We were married by a judge—it was nothing elaborate," recalls Catherine. That was on August 21—the Count's 37th birthday.

The next year, Catherine gave birth to a daughter, Diane, who was to be their only child.

After four years of life in furnished apartments round about the country, the Count bought a lovely home in St. Albans, Long Island, where he has remained to this day.

The war, and the ensuing collapse of jazz, finally destroyed what was left of the original band in the late Forties. "The Count went on the road with a small group, and toured America."



"Well, what's the verdict this year—hang the hanging committee? Hang everybody? Or abolish hanging altogether?"

TOO MUCH FUSS—*FAR too much—* ABOUT ARTISTS!

LIKE the spring flowers, that sleepy building in Piccadilly comes to life. A flag flies. Big cars pull into the courtyard. And as the Royal Academy blooms again the tinkle of cocktail glasses mingles with the big names of the art world.

Art is smart, and the Royal Academy nowadays has a following even in homes where the curtains clash with the carpets. Painters and sculptors are invested with the glamour of film stars—and more awe.

by HARRY FIELDHOUSE

Personally, I think a ridiculous fuss is made about them. I think pictures and statues are absurdly over-valued, and that the social prestige accorded to the Academy would be more appropriate to the British Industries Fair or the New Design Centre.

It is not the man in the smock who should be honoured but the man in the overall.

For this is the age of the laboratory, not the studio. And it is time the chemists, the engineers, and the electricians who are transforming modern living were given the social precedence their efforts deserve.

The DDT man

I GIVE you a name—Paul Muller. Try it out in the pub or at a party. You will be lucky to find one person in a roomful who has heard of it.

Yet this name belongs to a man whose discovery has brought health to thousands who formerly lived in semi-permanent sickness.

Muller, and the Geigy firm he worked for, are the Swiss originators of DDT, the insecticide that has wiped out the malaria mosquito in large tracts of the earth, to say nothing of ridding the kitchen of flies.

Not only did the Geigy firm appreciate the immense potential of their find but they must also

The CUSHION man

I BELIEVE that a man named E. A. Merz and the team of Dunlop workers who devised latex-foam cushioning have contributed more to the well-being of their fellow-creatures than all the works of Picasso put together.

And if anyone suspects me of discriminating against the modern masters, let me add that the invention (by an I.C.I. laboratory staff at Northwich, Cheshire) of polythene, the gay plastic that is brightening bathrooms and ending breakages, seems to me to be infinitely more meritorious than the Mona Lisa. Or, for that matter, than Rembrandt's Night Watch.

I remember being taken to see the Night Watch in Amsterdam when I was a child. I thought it an impressive picture—as I still do. And I remember being asked to observe in particular Rembrandt's skill in depicting evening light.

Generations of art students have struggled to copy this effect.

But, alas for their teachers! The cleaners recently went to work on the picture. And when the grime of centuries had been removed it was found that the picture had nothing to do with the night, but was in fact an afternoon scene.

The FAKE artist

THERE was a similar shock for the experts when Van Meegeren confessed to having forged a set of Vermeers.

Then, overnight, paintings acclaimed as masterpieces when

Vermeer was thought to be the artist became mere curios when they were found to be by humble Van Meegeren.

The STARTER man

WHY do I mention these illustrations? To demonstrate that the intellectual pretensions that make art so fashionable are spurious anyway.

A design at the bench must pass the crucial test of whether it works. A design at the easel need pass no agreed test at all.

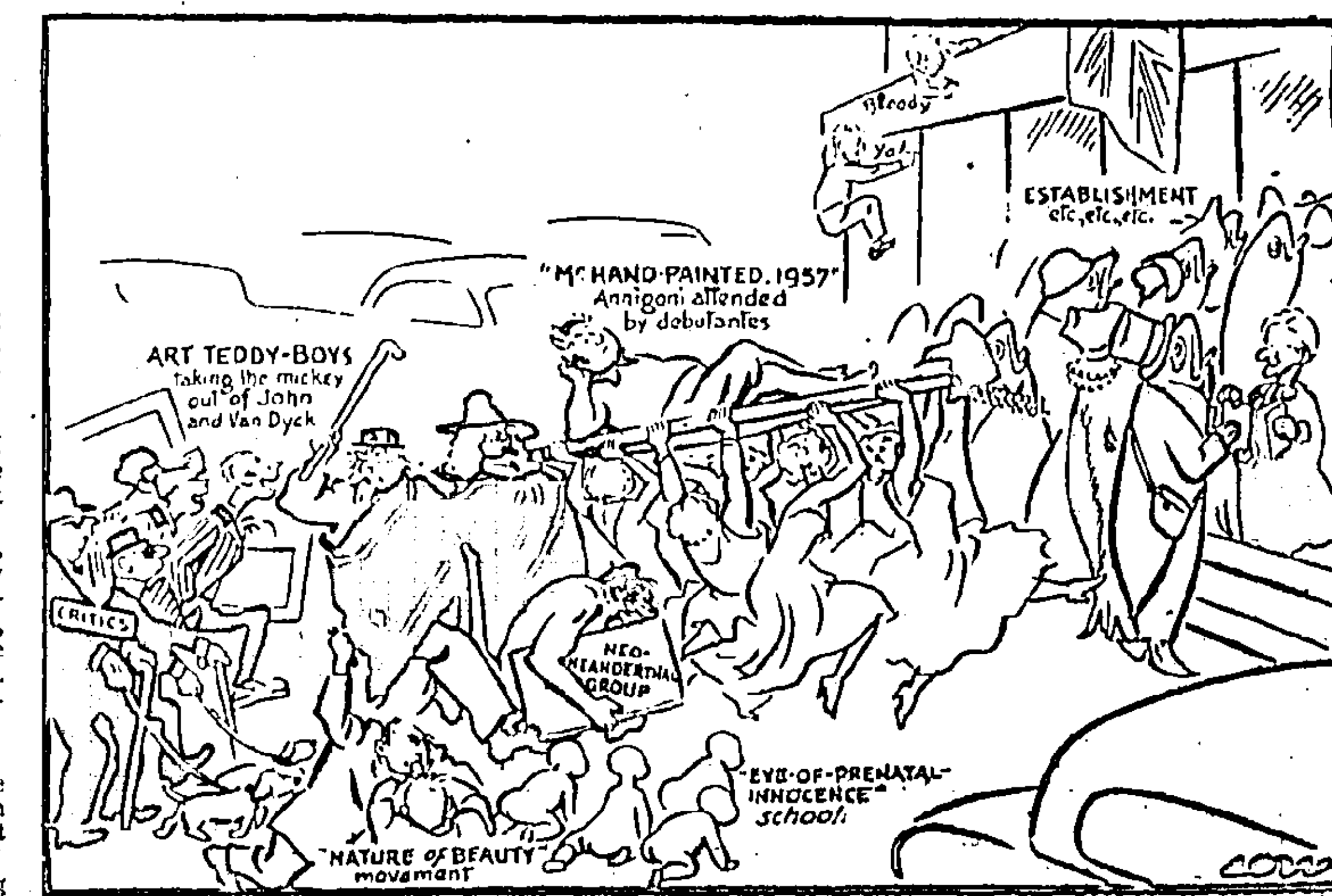
The public may never give a thought to Charles F. Kettering, who invented the self-starter, and thereby did

more than any man since Henry Ford to spread motoring to the millions. But Kettering, now in his eighties and retired, for years drew a fat salary as a vice-president of General Motors.

Whittle too made a killing out of his jet engine—he received a Government award of £100,000. Inventors who die in poverty, like Baird of TV fame, are now rare.

That does not appease me. I want to see honour and glory for all these benefactors, as well as cash. I want to hear the cocktail glasses tinkle to their names.

I want to see the smartness taken out of art, and the stuffiness out of science.

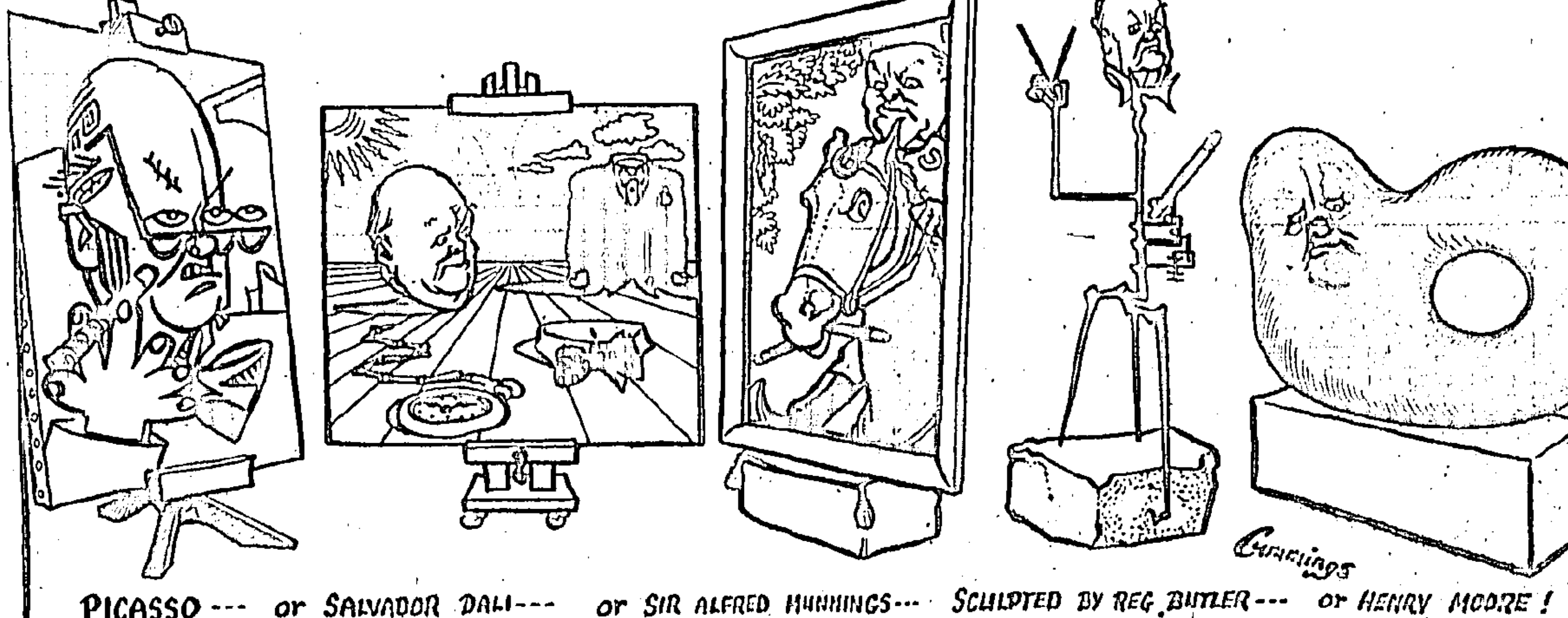


LONDON SEASON.— OPENING OF ROYAL ACADEMY—

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"Ah me—they certainly could paint in those days!"

Truman Speaks On H-Bomb

"Britain's tests must go on."

From RENE MacCOLL: Washington

HARRY S. TRUMAN, former President of the United States, told me in a personal interview he feels strongly that all the H-bomb tests planned by Britain should "certainly go on—should go on all the time."

He said this vehemently. But he spoke, too, of his fervent hope that, eventually, atomic and nuclear power would be used only for peaceful purposes in a world at peace.

Mr. Truman (73) also told me he is using all his influence in a behind-the-scenes attempt to repair the fabric of the Anglo-American alliance, badly damaged since Suez.

He received me in his third-floor suite in Washington's Mayflower Hotel.

His grin

It was a most unusual honour to be received by the former President. "You know," said Mr. Truman, "I don't often give an interview like this—you're in a class by yourself now!" He leaned back and gave that broad genial grin of his.

I started off by asking Mr. Truman if he considers that British prestige has been permanently damaged by the Suez fiasco. His face became grave. "No sir," he said with conviction. "I consider that Britain's prestige has certainly not been permanently damaged."

"Britain has been through many crises and troubles and she has always come through just as she said she would."

"Where would the rest of us have been if you hadn't stood firm in 1940? You fought Hitler to a finish—you did the same with Napoleon... Britain



MacCOLL

stays right in there until the dictator is stopped."

"Mr. President," I said (former American Presidents invariably retain their former title as a courtesy), "not long ago you wrote of the necessity of the West keeping its guard up in the face of Soviet 'carrot and stick' tactics. Do you feel there's a real danger that the West will lower its guard in dealing with the Soviets?"

"Well," he said gravely, "you know there's certainly an historical backing for just that. Britain does the same thing too. She's fine in the crisis, but when the crisis is over why it's all through and forgotten until the next one comes along."

"Mr. President," I said, "I remember you used to tell us in the old days that you were an optimist. Are you still one?"

"The Truman jaw jutted. His eyes gleamed with the old-time fire. 'You have got to be an optimist,' he drawled in his rich, Missouri voice, 'otherwise you might just as well fold right up and quit.'"

Next question—what did Mr. Truman think of Mr. John Foster Dulles' recent big foreign affairs speech in which he talked about the eventual detaching of the satellite nations from the Soviet Union?

His warning

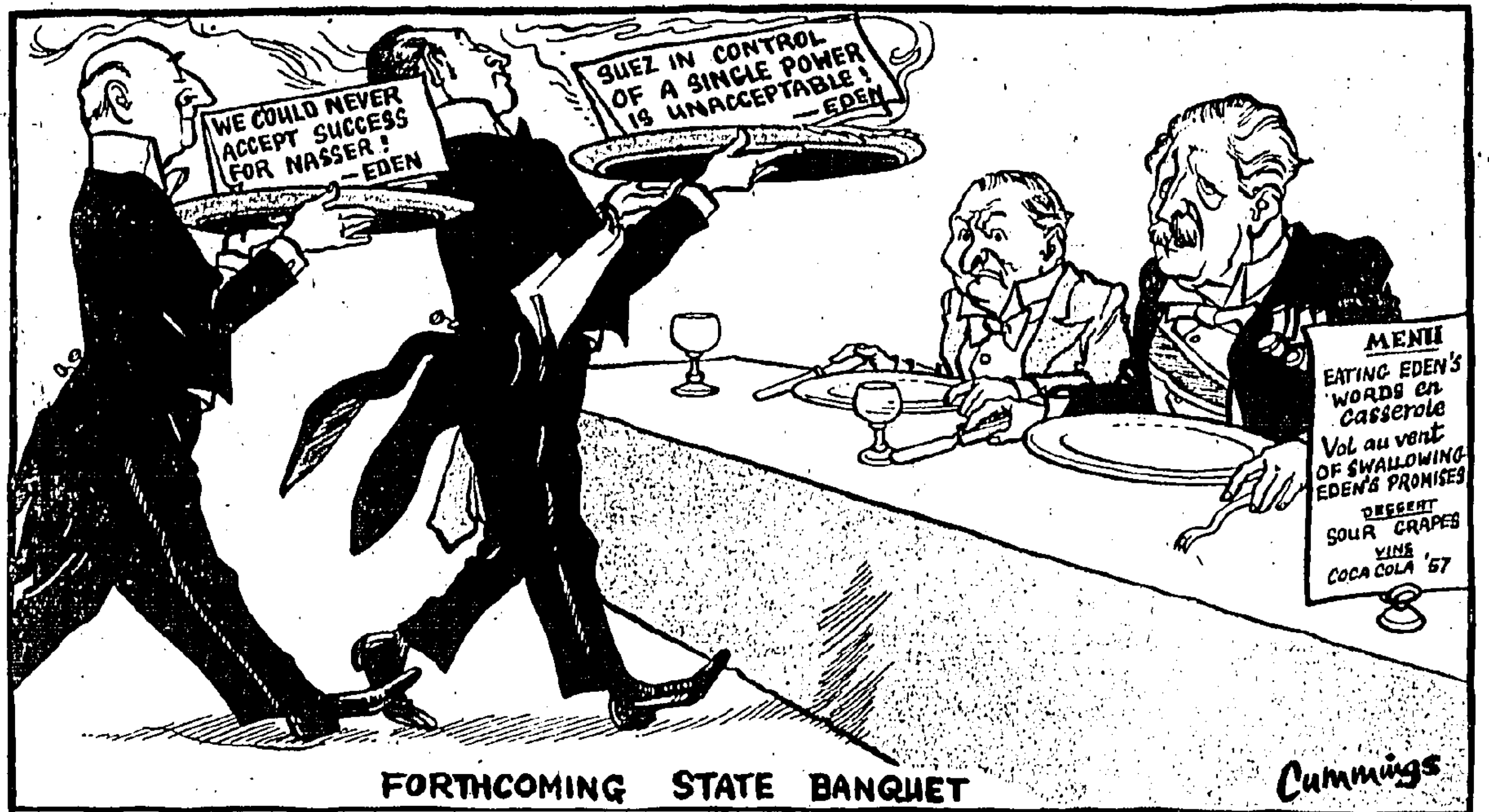
Mr. Truman: "Look, unless the West is ready to act when the time comes—as it came in Hungary—it is far better to leave that sort of thing unsaid."

It was as I rose and shook hands with this remarkable man, so full of courage and tough-mindedness and warmth, that he said: "Please be careful what you write. I am so very anxious to get things back into shape—back to where there is the old mutual trust between America and Britain."

"That is what I am working for—and hard."

"But I must not," he added with a final twinkle, "seem to be telling either your Government or mine what to do, must I?"

"After all, I am just a private individual."



CHICAGO, TUESDAY :-

A NOBEL PRIZE-WINNING CHEMIST, DR. LINUS PAULING, PREDICTED IN CHICAGO THAT AT LEAST 1,000 PEOPLE WILL BE KILLED IF BRITAIN GOES THROUGH WITH HER PROPOSED CHRISTMAS ISLAND H-BOMB TESTS.

Nonsense!

YET HOW CAN THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN BE CONVINCED THAT

IT'S THEIR
STANDARD OF
LIFE NOW

WHICH IS AT STAKE!

by
CHAPMAN
PINCHER



DR. LINUS PAULING.

Issue there is Bertrand Russell who opposes the test on moral grounds. There is Dr. Albert Schweitzer who having deliberately sealed himself off from the realities of politics sends up a cry from the African swamps that the H-test must be banned on medical grounds.

Among the atom scientists, many of whom have a strong guilt complex for the part they played in developing the Hiroshima atom bomb, there are two schools of dissenters.

Some, like Dr. Pauling and Polish-born Professor Joseph Rotblat of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, warn of radioactive dangers to a degree not supported by eminent experts advising the Government.

Others, like Professor Christopher Powell of Bristol and Professor Joliot Curie, of Paris, speak on behalf of the World Federation of Scientific Workers, an organisation so ridden with Communists that it has been forbidden to meet in Britain.

Finally, there are the pacifists, opposed to weapons of every kind, and dedicated to the principle that it is always better to live on your knees than die on your feet.

Woe, woe

Of all these people only the Communists have a realistic, even if repellent alternative to possession of the H-bomb.

Tycoons?

MUCH more than real fear of the nation than 1,000 fomented strikes.

Dr. Herbert Evatt, the consistently pro-Russian leader of the Australian Left-wing opposition, surprised nobody when he jumped on the ban-the-British-bomb bandwagon.

There is no need to wonder why the Socialist supporters of Mr. Aneurin Bevan are manipulating the H-test issue to weaken Mr. Hugh Gaitskill's hold on the party leadership.

Of course, not all the opposition is deliberately political. There are always a few highly vocal individuals who seize on such an opportunity to give publicity to their own fanciful fears and fads.

Thus making common cause with the Communists on this

HERE it comes again. Read it above—this monstrous charge by a top-ranking scientist that Britain coolly risked the lives of 1,000 innocent people by testing an H-bomb.

Fortunately this charge can be ignored, for though brilliant in the laboratory, Dr. Linus Pauling is fatuous in politics. (The U.S. Government had to refuse him permission to leave the country for many months.)

But why did Britain's proposal to explode an H-bomb in an entirely uninhabited part of the Pacific provoke such hysterical and sustained opposition throughout the world?

I will tell you. Because through a peculiar set of circumstances our H-tests provide those who hate or envy us with an extraordinary opportunity to hurt us where it will hurt most.

A promise

THE Government's bold programme for stemming inflation and getting the nation back to prosperity—cuts in massive cuts in defence—cuts that will reduce taxation this year and more so in the years ahead.

These cuts cannot be made unless Britain possesses the few H-bombs which are to replace the masses of conventional arms and men which have hitherto formed the main defences.

And the H-bomb cannot be stockpiled until it has been tested and proved to work.

In short, without the test off Christmas Island in the Pacific the Government's plans to cut defence by 2,122 million could not be translated into action. Without this action Chancellor Peter Thorneycroft cannot fulfil his promises to relieve the tax burden by £100 million this year.

Those are the inescapable facts of British economic life today.

Without the H-Bomb there can be no end to conscription—an end which the nation needs not only to reduce spending but to end the manpower shortage that limits our export drive. And rosy hopes of much greater tax relief in the next two years must fade.

To put this in more personal terms the man who exploded the H-bomb, far from being monsters intent on poisoning your great-grandchildren with radioactive fumes may be the means of keeping your son out of uniform and enabling you to afford a car and run it.

In this light it is clear why the Communists cash in on opposition to Christmas Island test wherever they can. Success could have inflicted

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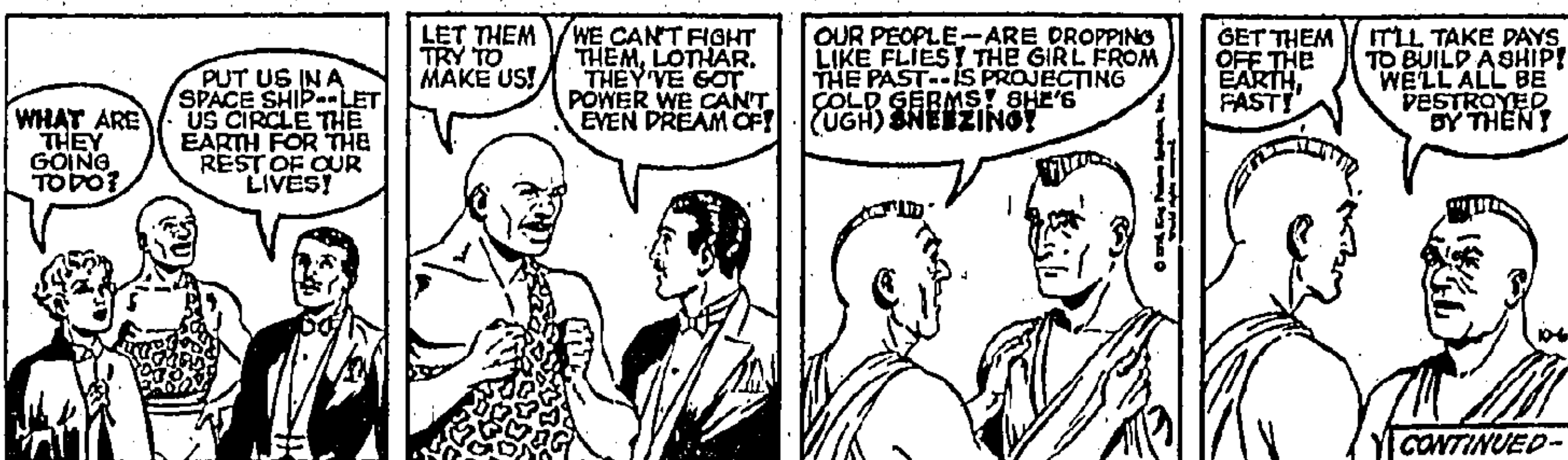
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"BACK—WHERE I STARTED"

Hollywood

WHEN she was the wife of a big movie star, this woman lived in Beverly Hills. But not every story in Hollywood is a happy one about success, and to Tita Purdom her four years in movietown have been sad.

She and Edmund Purdom arrived here from London to live in a garage while he looked for acting jobs. It was an exciting story when the garage-dweller was signed by MGM in 1953 for such big films as "The Student Prince."

After studio and personal difficulties, Purdom left Hollywood and now is trying to rebuild his career—with a new bride.

But back in Hollywood, his ex-wife said wearily, "I've had nothing but \$1,100 from him in a year. I expect nothing for myself, but his two children."

After being evicted from two apartments for not paying the rent, Tita is living in a \$60-a-month three-room apartment with her daughters, aged 2 and 4. Her doctor and Norma Shearer, "who has been wonderful," gave her odd pieces of furniture, a stove and refrigerator.

"My American friends have been very kind to me," smiled Tita. "Jan Sterling gave me a dress. Thanks to my friends, we have food."

Her doctor says Tita and both children "definitely show signs of malnutrition."

Tita, an actress, tried a nightclub act for a while and works occasionally in TV, on the Alfred Hitchcock and Loretta Young shows.

"I haven't been enough to live on," she said. "I've tried to get other jobs. I've been to department stores but when they hear my name—I can't type, but I've tried to find work as a file clerk."

"Why doesn't Edmund work so he can support our children? He would make a very good team driver. Now I hear he's leaving the country and I never will be able to reach him legally to force him to pay."

Recently Tita spent the night in goal for five overdue traffic tickets on a car she long ago lost. The Judge let her off with a small fine after she explained four of the tickets were her ex-husband's. She goes to court next month on a \$60 milk bill she claims was incurred while they were married.

Tita looked at gold brocade drapes on her living room windows, an incongruous touch in the modest apartment.

"That's all I have left from our Beverly Hills home," she said. "When Edmund started in movies it was so wonderful. The tragedy of it all is that nothing is left—nothing!"

"The cycle is complete. I began life in America in a garage and now I'm virtually back where I started!"

By ALINE MOSBY



The man who can talk tough

THE toughest job that the Anglican Church can offer has just been given to Bishop Joost de Blank of Stepney.

He has been appointed Archbishop of Cape Town, the city where Christian beliefs in tolerance and love are daily under severe challenge.

Such was the strain on the previous holder of this office, the late Dr Geoffrey Clayton, that he asked for his ashes to be buried "somewhere where there is no colour bar."

Outspoken

WHAT qualifications does the Bishop of Stepney bring to his new post? They are impressive.

He is of Dutch descent. He will be able to grapple with hard-headed Dutch farmers in their own language.

And he is renowned for his fearless, outspoken speech. In 1955 he visited Ruth Ellis in her death cell. Four months later at a public meeting he spoke about his talk with the condemned woman.

He said he was "horrified and appalled beyond words" to find that Holloway prisoners could hear hammering going on as a scaffold was being built.

He said he rejected the death penalty because of its absolute nature, its questionable nature, and its revolting nature.

'Hysteria'

EVEN the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Goddard, came under fire from the bishop's tongue when Joost de Blank criticised flogging in 1953.

He said Lord Goddard and the magistrates were infected with "the wild hysteria that craves violence should be met by violence."

A hint of his views on racial intolerance came when he withdrew the ban on a Jewish play being performed in a Christian church because "The Church wanted to make it quite clear that it was not anti-Semitic."

His battle

BISHOP JOOST DE BLANK will take up his new office at the height of the unrest in the South African Anglican Church, threatened with racial segregation under apartheid.

The previous archbishop said he would free race rather than segregate his Church. Bishop Joost de Blank was an Eighth Army chaplain during the war and was wounded.

It looks now as if he is facing the biggest battle of his life.

By ROSALIE MACRAE



Albert Schweitzer

LES ARMOUR

ALBERT SCHWEITZER'S fame rests upon the simple fact that he gave up a position of eminence in Europe to go out to the most remote part of Africa and build a hospital with his bare hands.

Other men have built hospitals with their bare hands. No one else, perhaps, has given up quite so much to do it.

Schweitzer is revered because he has acted upon the urge which, sooner or later, must, by definition, prompt every Christian man and woman—the urge to abandon everything in the name of a suffering humanity.

That, perhaps, is a dangerous basis for enduring fame. And yet, his massive contributions to theology, to philosophy, his organ recordings of Johann Sebastian Bach, must surely make up for whatever scepticism history may bring to bear on his grand gesture.

What is less certain is whether, in detail, his own claims stand.

He has said again and again that it is by their example that men must be known and it is by his example that he wants to be remembered.

And by his 'example' he

Intelligence Report

HIGH TIME that the Socialists of Britain and Germany got together to straighten out what Socialism really is.

Gaitskell and his British comrades are pledging their party to a programme of more expropriation, more nationalisation, more bureaucratic obstruction of private enterprise. West Germany's Social Democrats are taking the exactly opposite tack. Their chief, Dr Ollenhauer, and other leaders have gone on record publicly repudiating on behalf of their party "any intention of nationalising any branch of the German economy." He denounces nationalisation as harmful to a country's interests. Over to you, Comrade Gaitskell.

Hussein's mother —and the Murder List....

"GHAGHIA'AI" — literally "Street Control" — Syria's sinister Left-wing terrorist organisation — has been given a list of royal targets for liquidation.

HEADING THE LIST — so Jordan Intelligence men have discovered — is QUEEN ZEIN, mother of the young King Hussein of Jordan. TARGET No. 2 is the 22-year-old KING HUSSEIN himself.

Other candidates for assassination, by "Secret Control" are: KING SAUD OF SAUDI ARABIA—who has incurred the wrath of the organisation's masters in Cairo and Damascus by his desertion of Nasser and support of Hussein; NURI ES SAID, the anti-Communist Premier of Iraq; PRINCE ABDUL ILLAH of Iraq and his nephew KING FAISAL; and KING IDRIS OF LIBYA.

ALL the men and women on the murder list are either members or top political supporters of that "Kings' Trade Union" from whose power and influence Nasser and his Syrian ally Colonel Scerif have sworn to "liberate" the Middle East.

Why has top priority been given to the murder of Queen Zein? Surely, so Middle East experts believe, in order to humiliate King Hussein in the eyes of the Arab world as a man who cannot protect his family. Partly in order to terrorise the king himself, and partly because Nasser and Scerif see in Queen Zein one of the most powerful obstacles to their plans and an author of their present defeat in Jordan.

In which, from all I have learned myself, they may not be so very far off.

CERTAINLY the queen on her last visit to London was awarded the imminent fall of All Abu Nawar, the slinky, pro-Egyptian court favourite, whom the king had made chief of staff of the army after he sacked Glubb.

The king is beginning to see through General Abu Nawar," she said. "It will not be long now before he throws him out."

How right she was. Abu Nawar, his conspiracy foiled, is now in Cairo.

ZEIN had never liked All Abu Nawar, and tried hard to prevent Hussein bringing him back from Paris—where All Abu Nawar was Jordan's military attache—to be his A.D.C. at the palace.

"He is bad for the king," she declared, "bad for his marriage, and bad for his policies."

SCHWEITZER is overpowering in appearance: six feet and more tall, straight as a ramrod—12 stone of muscle and bone.

At 82 he continues to give his African workmen object lessons in the use of a spade—and this in a climate as close to the steaming and dank jungle beloved of Hollywood as anything on earth.

He has had five careers at once—philosopher, theologian, musician, doctor, and missionary—and they span so much territory that it is clear no one man is capable of assessing his competence or determining his merit.

Many people regard Schweitzer as a modern saint—as a man inspired. They took his warning about H-Bomb tests as words from the lips of destiny.

must stand. There are those who say that the fate of the world may depend in the long run upon the political development of Africa. Schweitzer has had more than a little to do with shaping the policies of the area in which he works and he will have to bear a share of the responsibility for whatever, good or bad, is the outcome.

Then, too, his hospital does not entirely conform to contemporary medical ideas of the ideal. It swarms with animals of all sorts. Insects are encouraged on the grounds that all life is valuable.

A deep spiritual calm—an atmosphere quite unlike that of the modern, ultra-hygienic hospital—surrounds the hospital despite the constant hubbub of activity.

It is a human hospital—a hospital in which a patient's entire family may come and live with him while he is treated. It is primarily an act of faith rather than an act of science.

It may very well be that this is an excellent thing. But there are those who have their doubts and it may be asked whether many of the people most lavish in his praise would themselves like to be treated there.

However that may be, it is still true that Schweitzer, well into his ninth decade, continues to treat every kind of ill from stomach upsets to leprosy, that patients flock to it despite the fact that there is now a state hospital not far away, and even more, that many men and women are happy there.

And Schweitzer himself has no doubts about his past or about his future.

He will go on, as he always has, until he drops.

His course of life was determined when he was 21. He decided then that he would give three years of his life to music, seven more to abstract

All along, the great anxiety of this frail, ailing, but strong-willed woman has been that King Hussein should not follow in the disastrous footsteps of his father King Talal, who is now shut up in a mental home in Turkey.

She herself as a wife and queen had to flee from Talal, debauched and sick as a result of his youthful excesses. And it did not endear the nationalist demagogues to her that they had been the mad king's advisers.

On tow

THE Russians have developed a missile-launching "trailer" for submarines. A "trailer" is a platform which permits the firing of guided missiles too

MAP OF OIL AND THE FIVE SEAS

By JOHN ATKINSON

THE dust and the hatreds settle down a little in Jordan. But now emerges a new pattern which pivots on King Hussein's cracking of the plot against him.

The king and the States friendly to him are trying to:

(1) BOX IN and isolate Syria—the Arab land that looks to Moscow first and holy Mecca afterwards;

(2) STRENGTHEN ties between the "wedge of kings" that separates Syria from her partner in the plot against Hussein—Colonel Nasser.

Syria, half as big again as England, posed with Egypt as an ally of Hussein in the Arab world's feud against Israel.

This friendship was not even skin deep. For Syria and Nasser backed the conspiracy by Jordan's Communists and Nationalist wild men to overthrow Hussein.

Syria and Nasser plotted to divide Jordan between them.

But Hussein has rallied his friends. First, Iraq, which has a secret pact to give him armed help if necessary. Then Saudi Arabia, flowing with oil and dollars, has sent him troops.

To the north, little Lebanon accepts the Eisenhower doctrine and wants no deal with Syria.

This new alignment is a shock to Syria. It must be a greater shock to Moscow.

learning, and the rest to humanity.

At 30, he was principal of a theological college, renowned as an expert on the philosophy of Kant, as the world's expert on Johann Sebastian Bach and as a great organizer.

He announced calmly that he proposed to study medicine so that he could found a mission hospital in the Congo.

For seven years he studied medicine and, in the eighth year, he left as he had promised.

He settled in a wilderness in which there was no doctor within a radius of 500 miles. He came back several times, but never for long except when the First World War held him an unwilling captive in Europe.

And he has changed remarkably little over the years.

One year, he came to England to receive from Queen Elizabeth the Order of Merit. He and President Eisenhower are the only foreigners to hold it.

He stayed in a little cafe in Westminster, owned by a Swiss friend of his who lives on the premises. There he spent his spare time sitting at a table in the darkest corner talking to anyone who came along.

Visitors came all day for days on end. No one ever asked who they were or whether they knew the doctor. Many came merely to look. But all were received with the same courtesy and with each, Schweitzer tried to talk about something he thought might interest them. That is one measure of the

WHY AMERICANS NOW WANT TO KILL GATT

GATT (the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) having served its purpose — in weakening the British Empire's preferential system—the Americans now want to scrap it.

For GATT is an obstacle in the way of the increase in tariffs and narrowing of import quotas a majority of U.S. congressmen are demanding.

So unpopular is GATT that

President Eisenhower has found great difficulty in recruiting a Republican to defend it before Congress.

Oddly, the pressure to raise U.S. tariffs stems from American business men's fear of one of Ike's own pet projects — the European Common Market.

They are afraid of the effect on U.S. exports of this new protectionist area—and want to be free to take reprisals.

Senate Armed Services Committee.

It is dragged along under water to a point off-shore from which the missile is to be fired.

The development of this platform has been disclosed by the American Central Intelligence Agency to members of the

CHINK IN THE DEFENCE OF GIB.

DID you notice in Richard Killian's dispatch (page 13)

Narriman's son and the Throne

EX-KING FAROUK, according to German Intelligence sources, is trying to get General Mahomed Neguib, now under house arrest near Cairo, to head an anti-Nasser coup which would restore the monarchy, but without Farouk.

The idea is to put Farouk's eight-year-old son Fuad (above) on the throne. The Government would be administered by a regency with Neguib as top man.

Farouk, with an eye to public opinion in Egypt, is now trying to slim down to a mere 20 stone in his yellow and white villa near Anzio beach in Italy. He shuns the limelight of night clubs and gambling casinos.

that the U.S. aircraft-carrier Forrestal has no portholes—to protect the crew from radioactive particles?

Our own Mediterranean fortress, the Rock of Gibraltar, still has "portholes" or "vent-holes, and unsealed open-

ings without number. As far as Gibraltar is concerned the atomic bomb and radiation might never have been thought of. Even the Rock's water—mostly rain water caught on the concrete surfaces of the Rock and conducted into reservoirs inside—could be contaminated.

When I asked the Gibraltar officer showing me around the fortress what was being done to seal it off from radioactive air outside, he said: "Nothing. It is all too expensive."

Revolt corner

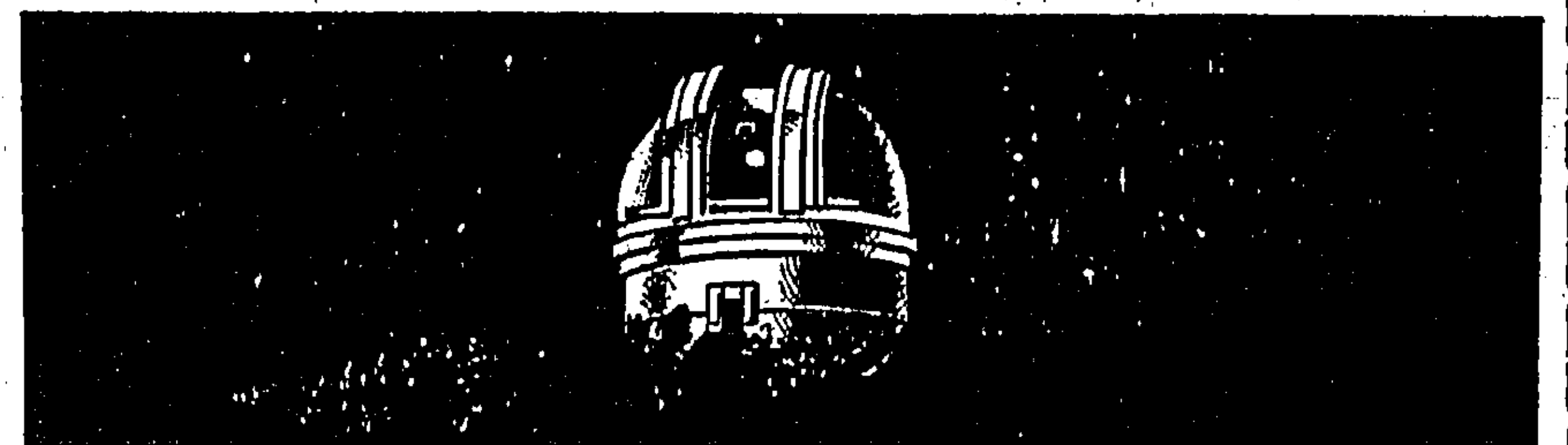
MOROCCO looks like becoming once more the starting-point of a rebellion of the Spanish Army—just as it was 21 years ago for the revolt which put Franco in power. Except that this time it would be directed against Franco.

Discontented Spanish Army officers stationed in the garrisons still remaining in newly independent Morocco are leading figures in a new nationalist anti-Franco underground.

The underground has cells throughout Spain. They are called "Junta de Accion Patriotica" ... Committees of Patriotic Action.

I have the text of a leaflet distributed by the juntas. It refers openly to the possibility of an army revolt.

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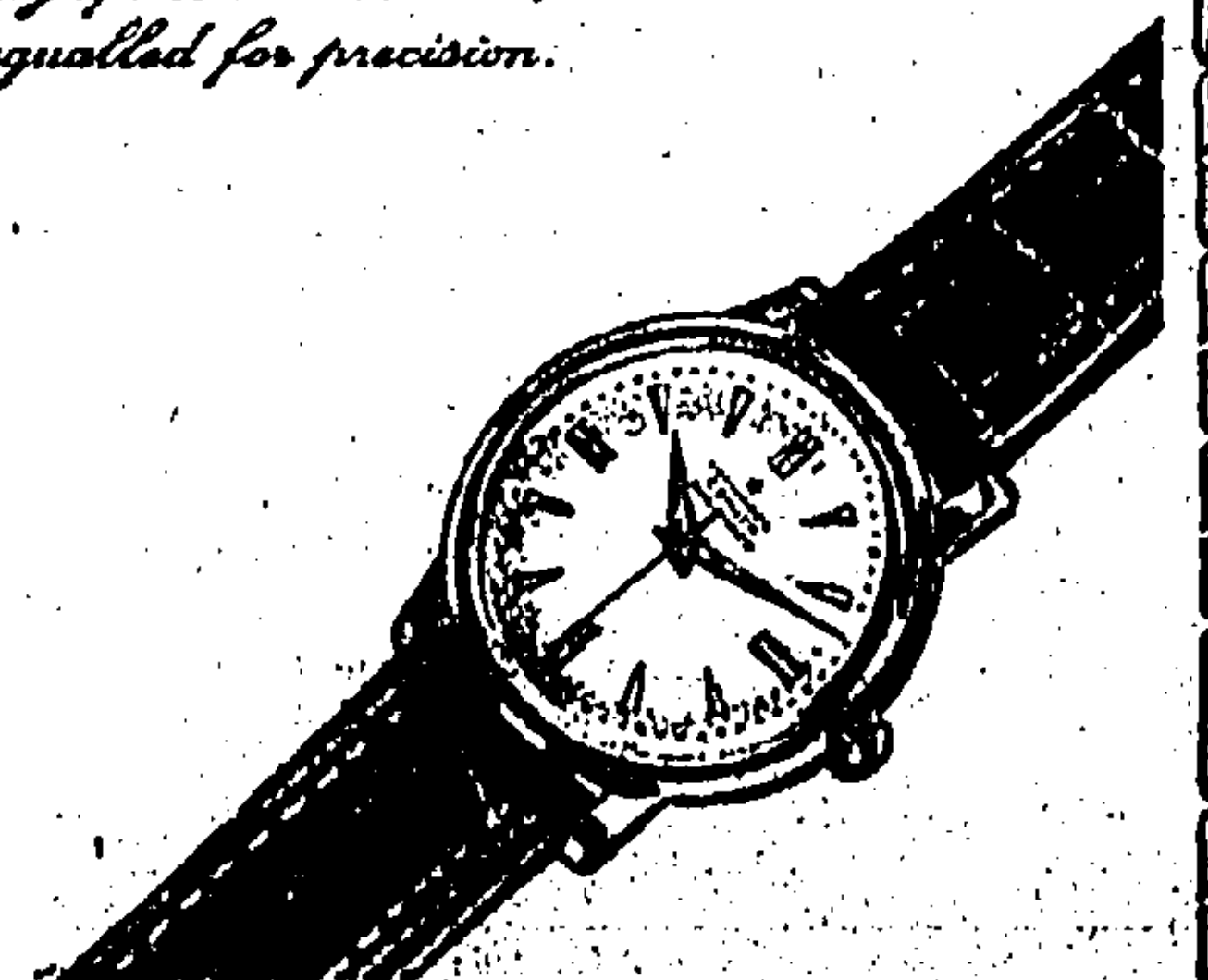


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 AS ALWAYS—AN UNKNOWN AT THE FESTIVAL
 SPARKLES WITH THE PROMISE OF STARDOM

Here—the top-liner of 1959

From LEONARD
 MOSLEY



A face that will soon be known to millions
 —the face of Miss Jacqueline Sassard.

CANNES.
 It was inevitable that a new star—talented, gay, and filled with ambition—would be discovered at the Cannes Film Festival.

Well, here she is.

This year you will not recognize her name because she is unknown (from Paris), young (18), and not yet quite ready for the fame she is going to know.

But... in 24 months JACQUELINE SASSARD will be as glamorous and as famed as Audrey Hepburn, Hollywood, Pinewood, Cinecittà, and Paris will be as familiar with her face, mannerisms, and shape as those of Ava Gardner.

Jacqueline stars in an Italian film called "Guendalina." She plays the part of a veritable child-of-the-moment, not yet 20, who thinks she knows everything about life.

You will not be seeing Jacqueline's wonderful performance in "Guendalina" for quite a few months. You must take my word for it that she is so moving that she explodes sympathy inside you. You are stunned by the terrifying depth of feeling of the young.

Jacqueline is a product of our age—she lives fast, she acts from the heart.

It is in character that she is a friend of novelist Françoise Sagan; that she thinks James Dean was a star-crossed boy who died before his time.

Show Business reporting from CANNES

BUT CAN MISS TAYLOR TAME TODD?

Cannes.
 THE setting was the high-ceilinged main salon of the Casino at Cannes. The time was about one o'clock on Saturday morning. The characters were Elizabeth Taylor, her husband Michael Todd, and assorted types, including myself. We were sitting at a table near the bar with two bottles of champagne on ice. Michael Todd (chewing swizzle stick and looking at me): You have already written a lot of stuff about me. Why don't you talk to my beautiful wife for a change and tell the world about her?



by LOGAN
 GOURLAY

'I hate it'

M. T. (rising to leave the table): Gambling? You know I don't do that any more. I just got to take a phone call. From Moscow.

He walked smartly off in the direction of the chemin de fer table.

E. T.: I hate gambling.

G.: Why?

M. T.: I've had a bad experience with it. I was weaned on it as a young bride. My first husband, Nickie Hilton, was a gambler. My first honeymoon was one long session at the tables. Five months around the casinos. Even the croupiers felt sorry for me.

G.: Isn't it going to be difficult to reform Todd? His whole career has been something of a gamble.

Reformers

E. T.: Well, I can try, anyway. Wives are supposed to reform husbands. Tell that waiter to get some more champagne. I might as well have fun. But it's not easy down here. You know that villa we've got at Cap Ferrat is always surrounded by rubberneckers and photographers with telescopic lenses. One of them tried to get a picture of me dressing. I was furious. There's no privacy.

G.: One of the penalties of being a film celebrity.

E. T.: I know that. I'm willing to put up with a certain amount of staring and gawking.

But there must be some moments when you can get away from it all. Let your hair down. Walk about your own home in your underwear if you feel like it without having an audience.

I'm glad I've retired. Maybe they'll forget about me soon and let me alone.

G.: Have you retired for good?

E. T.: Perhaps not. I might do a part for Mike in his movie, Don Quixote. But I am going to be a mother again and that's the most important thing right now. I want some time off being a wife and mother before I get too old.

G.: You're still very young. And beautiful.

E. T.: Thanks, but I'm 25. That's the age when a girl starts to worry about getting on. I've been married three times. I've got two and a half children. I should know what the score is now. That reminds me, I must find out what that husband of mine's doing. I hate to see him throwing money away at the tables. He'd be better giving it away in the streets. Or buying me another tiara.

The notes

She rose and walked slowly towards the tables. She came back in a few minutes carrying a bundle of notes.

E. T.: I just scooped up the chips he had beside him and cashed them. There's about

250,000 francs here. But here he comes....

He rushed over from the chemin de fer table, pecked his wife on the cheek, and patted me on the back.

M. T.: I'm just watching the play. Only idiots gamble and I don't profess to be an idiot. Chalk it up, boy. Schlitz! Keep the beautiful girl amused. This shows I'm an egotistical second-rate. I leave my wife with a younger man and I know she'll be waitin' with loving eyes when I get back.

He took another swizzle stick for chewing, told the waiter to bring another bottle of champagne, and ran back to the table.

Perfect

E. T. (shouting): Mike, Mike, come back here. The waiters and attendants smiled indulgently. No one should shout in the casino. But this was Madame Todd.

E. T.: Let him go. I might as well have married a roulette wheel.

G.: Why did you marry him?

E. T.: Well seriously, I started off by admiring him. He's an amazing character. I respect him, love him. He's perfect. I think. Except for the gambling.

He strolled over from the chemin de fer table looking, as he seldom does, slightly crestfallen.

M. T.: I'm ready to go when you are, honey. I've been ready to go for hours. I've only stayed on because you are enjoying yourself.

E. T.: Listen to this con man. He could talk his way out of anything.

M. T.: Let's go, honey. If you are ready. It's late. And you must get your beauty sleep. Isn't she lovely? Look at those beautiful violet eyes.

E. T.: You mean, bloodshot eyes.

They exited slowly through the main door. It was 4.30 a.m.

The attendants and staff bowed politely and said: "We are sorry you are leaving."

They meant it.

This was such hard work for Mr. Wayne

... after weeks in the Sahara with Sophia
 Loren all he wants is monotony

DARRYL F. ZANUCK describes John Wayne as the biggest all-time box-office draw: he is 6 ft. 4 in. tall, 60 years old, and usually co-stars with a horse. His salary is higher than any other actor's—\$66,666 dollars and 66 cents per film. Which works out as a round figure of 2,000,000 dollars for three films.

Today John Wayne, horseman, actor and shrimp-lycon, has another distinction. He has made a film with Italy's most buxom beauty, Sophia Loren—entitled Legend of the Lizard. It was made on location in the Sahara and, what with one thing and another, things were pretty torrid.

Back in the more muted climate of London (Miss Loren was not here) he explained why he has abandoned his horse in favour of Miss Loren. "That girl," he said, "has the most expressive pair of eyes in the business." Mr. Wayne should know: he has been looking into them long and deep all those weeks they tussled in the sand of the Sahara.

WORK, WORK, WORK

Arduous work? "Definitely," said Mr. Wayne, a slow-motion grin spreading over his face. And he added, to dispose of any pre-conceived ideas that one might have had on the subject of buxom Italian beauties: "And she worked hard, too. Takes her work very seriously. No larking among the sand dunes or anything. Just work, work, work."

In London Wayne was supervising the editing of the film, a frustrating job since to cut out even an inch of Miss Loren's pneumatic contours would be considered an act of vandalism by any self-respecting male in full possession of all his faculties. But as the film was made for Mr. Wayne's own company he stoically had to steel himself to removing all superfluous footage of Miss Loren.

"Now," he said, "all I want is monotony. The monotony of staring at a wall for a couple of

weeks and doing nothing. That's heaven after making a film."

In search of this much-longed-for monotony, he has now returned to his Hollywood home.

Life with the Waynes—he is now married to a Peruvian girl, Pilar—is usually anything but monotonous, as has been testified in the divorce court by one of his previous wives, Esperanza.

On one occasion, she told the court, the "nearly shot" her husband when he came home at 4 a.m. from a party. By mistake, of course.

According to her, life with Mr. Wayne was extremely stormy.

But now—after his stint in the Sahara—Mr. Wayne was only looking for monotony and home comforts. The latter include a domestic TV circuit in his house

which enables him to sit in one room and watch on a television screen what is going on in any other room. It was installed originally to enable him to watch his wife's progress when she was about to bear him a son.

"I don't use it for any sinister spying purposes," he said, "in fact I hadn't even thought of that."

FOOTNOTE—While he was in London Mr. Wayne, the cowboy star, paid a visit to the ballet to see Margot Fonteyn.

It seemed an uncharacteristic thing for him to do and he admitted, "I'm not exactly the ballet type, but that woman is so graceful I would go anywhere to see her. She is a very great friend. When she talks about the ballet I listen and keep quiet."

How did this curious friendship arise?

"Her husband, Dr. Arlas, and I are in the shrimp business together," he said.

SYLVIA GIGGLES

I SAT in a dark, private theatre, watching a girl on the screen, endlessly playing one scene over and over again. The girl next to me kept giggling with embarrassment and fidgeting in her seat. Largely because she was also the girl on the screen, Sylvia Syms and I were

watching rushes of her film The Woman in the Dressing Gown, and these particular rushes were all variations (with embellishments) on a kiss. Endless variations. Endless embellishments. In vast close-ups lips met and parted, met and parted. Again and again.

It was an attempt by a British director Lee J. Thompson, to depict passion in a British film; almost, you might say, a pioneering venture.

When the lights went up and Miss Syms had stopped fidgeting she explained that it was not the kissing that had embarrassed her. She had found it embarrassing to see herself on the screen. Once she had burst into tears on seeing herself in rushes, crying: "I hate to be bad."

I had been wrong, she assured me, in thinking of her as belonging to the class of ever-so-refined young English lady actresses. She was really, she said, a "gassy" girl with no inhibitions about playing love scenes.

"It is true," she said. "I'm not the hip-swinging type off screen. I don't have a 40-inch bust, in fact, I wish round shoulders came into fashion, I'd be a sensation. But if I were given a role like Baby Doll, I wouldn't mind how few clothes I had to wear."

"He's still the boss," she says, "and if he wants to spend our money he can—and does—without asking me."

C That girl, says John Wayne, has the most expressive pair of eyes in the business.

Miss Syms is a young woman of considerable backbone (and her shoulders are all right, too) who is sufficiently bold, or, if you like, indiscreet, to describe the first film in which she made a big hit, My Teenage Daughter, as "tripey."

Her husband is a £12-a-week salesman at a London store who takes a negligible interest in the film world—"he wouldn't know who Ava Gardner was." Despite, or perhaps because of, this, Miss Syms is devoted to him and says that the fact that he is making considerably less money than her (selling shirts behind a counter) doesn't bother her. Or him.

"He's still the boss," she says, "and if he wants to spend our money he can—and does—without asking me."

A BALD JOKE

FRANK SINATRA's offer to shave his skull to play Gandhi in a new film is just a joke, I am told. I am relieved to hear it.

UNEXPECTED reading matter found by me in Diane Dors's dressing room at Shepherd's Studios: ultra highbrow poet E. E. Cummings. Miss Dors reads him while listening to "pop" records.

London Express Service.

FILMS

by MILTON SHULMAN



Put sackcloth on this butterfly

FRED ASTAIRE'S indestructible quality may be the fact that he has a face that never seemed young.

The emaciated look of a skull longing to be mothered has remained practically static throughout the years.

Even the suggestion of approaching baldness has been there ever since we first saw him over 20 years ago. It was always rather incongruous that such relentlessly middle-aged features should be supported by such dazzling, vivacious legs.

There is thus no suggestion of Astaire looking a moment different in his latest musical, Funny Face, at the Odeon, Leicester Square. Only his partners change. He has the gift of for ever.

Considering the fact that she began her career as a dancing chorus girl in London, it has taken Audrey Hepburn a longish time to get round to a Hollywood musical.

Dressed like Miss Potato-Sack of 1937 in sackcloth and black stockings, her plangent beauty still defies the make-up man. She is a gorgeous butterfly from beginning to end.

When, therefore, Miss Hepburn is taken to Paris and draped in explosive fashions designed to turn her into something gawdable, we have our problems ooh-ing and ah-ing with the cast at the transformation.

THE PROBLEM OVER HEPBURN

—how can
 she make
 an attrac-
 tive girl into
 Miss Potato-
 Sack of
 1937?

Naturally, under the influence of Paris, Astaire and Hepburn fall in love, but not before there are a few misunderstandings due to her passion for culture and his all-American suspicion of intellectual Frenchmen.

Even if Astaire's dancing seems slightly conscious of hardening arteries—no more of these upstairs-downstairs exhibitions of controlled energy—he remains his usual distillation of effortless charm. And Miss Hepburn, with those drawbridge-in eyes and that smile of infinite, sad-sweet bliss, converts Funny Face into a rare joy of a musical.

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

The Busiest Clothes In Your Life

Busy clothes are basics—a plain coat, a simple suit, a shirtwaist dress or the little black dress. They form the backbone of the fashion trade. Here are some new versions of these much used clothes.

By PATRICIA DOUGLAS

IN every woman's wardrobe there is at least one outfit that seems to get more wear than any of the others. It is her standby—the outfit she will nearly always reach for when she is faced with some unusual situation, whether social or business. In brief, the clothes she always feels "right" in.

These busy clothes are not all the same. They vary from one woman to another, according to her character and her way of life. They are part of the wearer's personality and part of her existence. And, when the darling of her wardrobe begins eventually to show signs of wear, she is likely to be resentful, regretting how often she has worn the garment and wishing it to last indefinitely.

In the end she will replace it with another similar style, the up-to-the-minute version of her old favourite.

SUIT PERSONAL TASTE

The busy clothes are basics—a plain coat, a simple suit, a shirtwaist dress or the little black dress. They form the backbone of the fashion trade.

They are the styles which the elegant and well-dressed woman can rely on for her own good taste or play down to an inconspicuous level when the occasion demands it.

These clothes are rarely in brilliant colours or in unusual patterned fabrics, of which one or two are exceptions. A neutral sand-brown, grey from pale dove to charcoal, navy, brown or black are the shades that do not date and are unremembered. In these tones a woman can appear again and again with varied accessories according to the occasion.

TOP-GRADE MATERIAL

One thing such favourite outfits have in common—they are always made of top-grade material so that they last. Their shape however may change in a week or a month they may be worn. For dresses a fine wool and worsted cloth may be used, or one of the new wool jerseys. A favourite suit is likely to be in a worsted jersey or a firm tweed or suiting. An all-wool velours or a firm frize cloth is chosen for many coats that are destined for a busy life.

The style of a coat which can be worn in town or in the country and on all kinds of occasions will be simple rather than dressy. It will rely on line and not on detail for its smart effect. It should be sufficiently roomy to cover a suit or a dress and for preference will have button

fastenings, as few women can manipulate a clutch style when shopping or travelling.

DICKLER shows an all-wool coat in their latest collection which is likely to become a favourite with the clever woman who chooses it. It is a simple cut with roomy shoulders set into a broad shawl collar. The back has a seam held by a half-belt hung loosely from seam to seam. The front is double breasted and though plain and full of character and freckled style.

This is the kind of coat that would look as suitable stepping out of an expensive car as it would be heading a country bus.

THE LITTLE SUIT

The "little" suit that makes no special demands on the wearer is the one that gets fewest compliments on its hanger. Today's fashion of relaxed tailoring makes the choice easy and among the most popular are the semi-fitted or box-jacketed suits in worsted jersey. A suit of this kind can be worn with a sturdy wool jumper and country accessories or teamed with a fine blouse and a pretty hat. It can be worn to any smart engagement with perfect confidence.

CHAYSON, in a particularly good new collection, shows several suits that would fit into this category. An interesting up-to-the-minute detail is the slight fullness introduced into the back of the jacket by soft gathers under the collar. The skirts are slim to balance the silhouette.

THREE-PIECE

Another Crayson idea is to add a jumper top in the same wool and worsted material as the jacket and skirt of another style to make a three-piece. This creates an outfit that can be worn on so many occasions that its owner would need few other clothes in her wardrobe. She has not only a tailored suit, but also a dress (the jumper top can be worn inside the waistband of the skirt and coordinated by a leather belt) to wear at home. And a dress and jacket outfit is often the answer to the problem of dressing for a long day beginning with business and ending in a social atmosphere.

For the little black dress, one instinctively looks to MARCUS, who in their MARCUS collection always produce the elegant styles that combine the latest fashion lines with an undating look. Whether for bridge or cocktail parties of the leisured woman who lives in town, or the lunch appointments of the career woman, a dress in fine black wool is an essential item of fashion.

Such a dress will be worn three or four times as often as the dress in a new novelty material and it will give



MARCUSA: A dress in a soft oatmeal jersey can be accessories to suit so many different occasions. The styling here introduces the gently-fitted look with gathers placed above and below the midriff. MARCUS: No woman living in town can be without her "little black dress". This one in fine wool is cleverly gauged on to a front seam that runs from the crossover neckline to the hip. Black satin bows form the sophisticated trimming. CRAYSON: A firm wool and worsted fabric makes this three-piece suit consisting of jacket, skirt and jumper top. It is the answer to the difficult business of dressing for many engagements on a strict budget. CHAYSON: The "easy" suit with its comfortable box jacket has become a firm favourite with many women. In jersey, though unlined, it is firm enough to take a great deal of wear. A fashion note is in the soft gathers at the nape of the neck, which give a rounded fullness to the back. RICKLER: In natural coloured wool, this coat, which is designed for town or travel is firmly fastened in double-breasted fashion. REMBRANDT: The new version of these famous "shirtmaker" dresses has panels of clever pleating to give width to the skirt. Though it is made in a choice of plain or novelty wool, it is shown here in a new cable check on a neutral grey ground.

its wearer that perfect confidence that she is as smart as any woman in the room, notwithstanding the fact that her dress may have cost only a third of the price of some others around her.

The country dweller's equivalent to this type of dress is in a neutral beige or grey. The style is softer, but still simple and uncluttered so that jewellery and accessories can play their part in personalising the dress. Marcus cater for the out-of-town woman with a dress in oatmeal jersey. The line is softly tailored with slight fullness below the bust and above the hip, the fullness being controlled at the waistline by a broad cummerbund effect. REMBRANDT's famous "shirtmaker" dresses are also of the kind that get (and can take) more than their fair share of wear. For many years now a variation of this style has been a best-seller, and women boast with pride of the length of time they have worn their favourite dress.

For the coming season these "shirtmaker" dresses are designed in a choice of three materials and in many different colours. In their own branded Replaine, which is a 40 percent and 60 percent worsted and wool respectively, the colours include most of the rich autumn shades as well as the favourite dour and brown tones. In tweed the base colour is charcoal with a mixture thread of wine, lilac, turquoise or blue, and in the wool cable check the raised pattern is in a variety of colours on a dark neutral grey ground.

DO WOMEN REALLY WANT TO BE FLATTERED WHEN THEY ARE PAINTED?

Oh, Those Chocolate Box Portraits!

WHAT does a woman want from a portrait of herself? A photographic likeness or flattery? After looking at the exhibits at the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition I would say a mixture of both.

Gallery after gallery reveals portraits of refined ladies with the set smile and pearls of a dentist's receptionist. Many of these portraits are destined for posterity—which I very much doubt—they will turn up on a genteel type of calendar.

Consider, for instance, Sir James Gunn's portrait of Lady Lowson, the wife of the Festival Year Lord Mayor. She seems to have stepped straight off the lid of an expensive box of chocolates with that look of wistful Dresden prettiness.

I don't think it does her justice. In real life Lady Lowson has a gay expression, without a trace of that painted gracious-lady look in the portrait.

Is this how she sees herself? Lady Lowson told me that Sir James Gunn is an old friend of the family and has done four portraits of me. My husband likes this one very much.

Another portrait painter who manages to give the most contemporary face the look of a hand-painted Victorian photograph is Mr. Anthony Devens. Each lady-like face gazes out of its glass with an expression of polite inquiry.

"UNPHOTOGENIC"

Mrs. Cecil Woodham-Smith, the authoress, sits poised as though waiting for inspiration. Her expression seems to say: "Do what you will, I really must get on with my work."

I spoke to her husband about it. He said: "My wife is absolutely unphotogenic. I think this portrait just catches her expression. Also, it's the best portrait of an husband I'll ever see."

Equally polite is Mr. Devens' portrait of Mrs. Anthony Wagner, wife of the Richmond Herald. Balanced on her elbow, she seems to be thinking: "Just how much longer do I have to prop up my chin?"

Mrs. Wagner said: "Opinions differ about whether the portrait is like me. But I would hang it in my house even if it was not—because I think it is a beautiful picture."

Not quite so conventional is Mrs. Devens' 1,000 gns. portrait of Adam and Eve, looking like two rejects from the Chelsea Arts Ball.

I wonder what descendants of some of the women whose por-

traits hang in the Academy will think of their ancestors? What for instance will Lady Fox's great-grandchildren think of her portrait by Norman Hopper? I doubt if it will inspire even a mild nostalgia for a moribund era. Restored in monochrome, Lady Fox seems to be rebelling against some unfortunate photographer for taking a flash-light photograph of her leaving some debutante dance.

Lady Fox told me that all her family think it is a very good likeness. "I prefer a portrait which does not leave too much to the imagination. It will hang in the dining-room," she said.

PRICE OF FLATTERY

Another portrait which looks back rather than forward for inspiration is Annigoni's portrait of Mrs. Watson-Armstrong. In reality Mrs. Watson-Armstrong is a vivacious Swiss. But in the Master's picture she seems to be trying to achieve a Mona Lisa look with an expression of concentrated anguish. Against a Leonardo's peacock-blue sky, she clutches her stole, round which every blanket stitch is faithfully reproduced. Her eyes are brimming with glycerine tears, her lips look as if the lipstick had been applied directly to the canvas.

The price of the flattery of having a portrait in oils is high. Most portraits in the Academy are commissioned; top painters, like Annigoni or Sir James Gunn, charge 1,000 guineas upwards.

Mr. Devens is less expensive. "My official price," he told me, "is 500 gns. for an oil painting with hands, but if I like somebody and they haven't much money, I do it for less."

There is one picture in the Academy whose price neither the sitter nor posterity should grudge: Stanley Spencer's portrait of Sibyl Williams, MBE.

Among the exhibits of realistic pale, English roses it stands out like some rugged English oak—full of character and strength. But so too, is Sibyl Williams, wife of Eric Williams, the escape story author. Sibyl shares her husband's love of adventure. Last year they made a 12,000-mile trip by car behind the Iron Curtain.

A pity the Royal Academy portrait painters are not as adventurous.

Personally, if I was having my portrait painted, I would prefer a picture that made me look like a crescent moon with a piece bitten out. Rather than a Victorian chocolate box.

Or better still a good photograph—more accurate and incomparably cheaper.

—SARAH ROTHSCHILD

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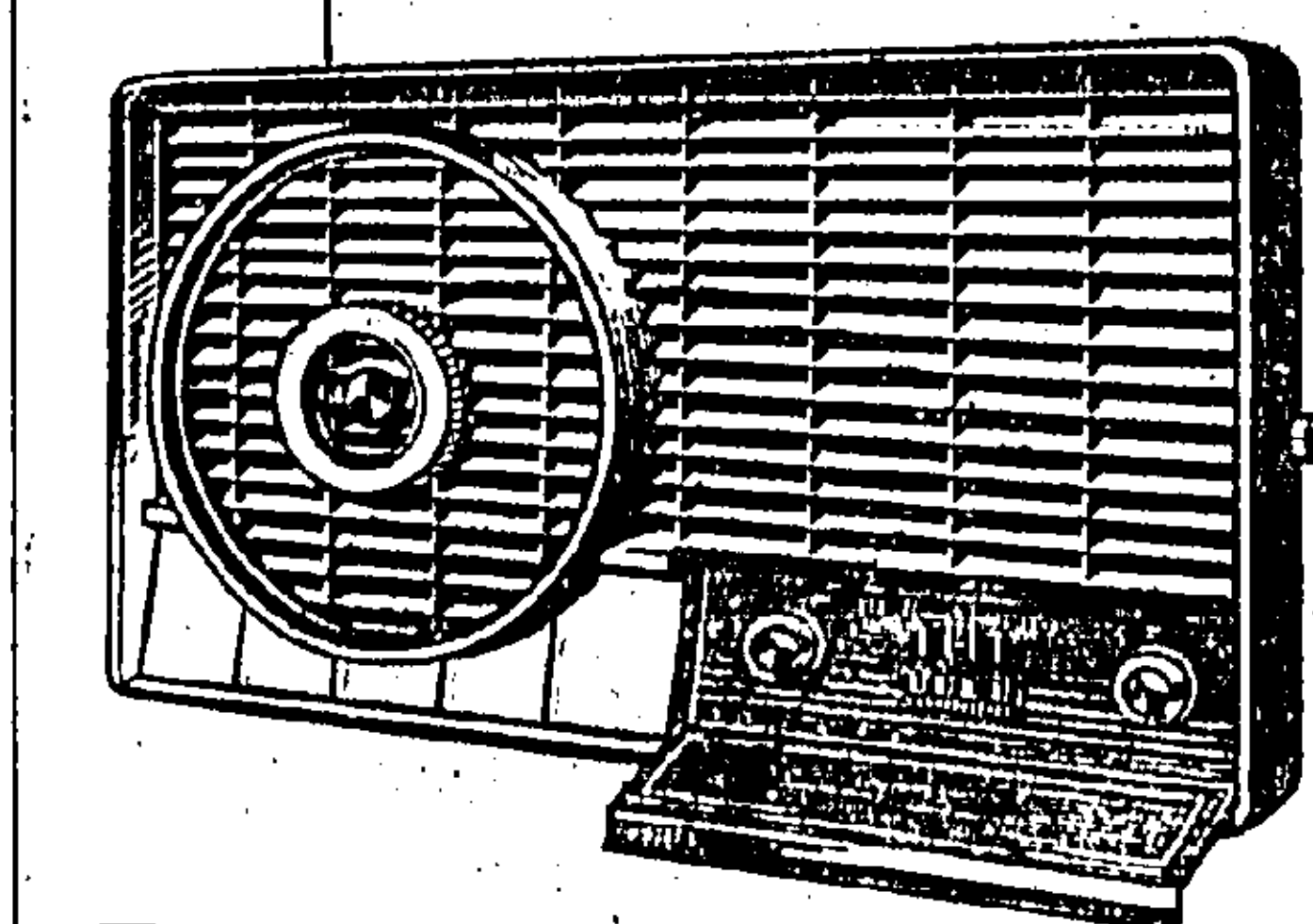
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Swedish Designers Have Done It Again!

London. SNOW flurries fell on London last week. And it was as if a publicity man had instructed the heavens to drop those little white flakes at just the right moment, in the right amount, in the right place.

Because they fell when glamorous Swedish models, dressed in ski clothes were posing in the street for London photographers, it was 10 minutes before the Swedish fashion show for Autumn and Winter 1957-58.

The pictures hit London's front pages.

But, with or without snow, they were worth front page news—at least to fashion-conscious sports-women.

★ ★ ★

Because Swedish designers have done it again. They're hard to beat in winter sports and informal clothes. Ski trousers, with their slim, tapered lines, have (at least temporarily) lost their days of bright solid colours. Now they are coming out in soft pastels, and, occasionally, with a thin, light stripe running vertically to give a longer, more tapered look.

One pair of ski trousers, was made of pastel blue Swedish elastic gabardine. The stripes, thin and unobtrusive, were of a slightly darker blue. Incidentally, one feature of these trousers, and of most of

the slacks presented by Swedish houses, was the sensible adjustable waistband. This too had a new and smart shape, wide in the front and narrow at the back.

Ski sweaters were as highly-patterned and gay as ever. But they were perhaps a touch or two longer for more warmth, and many necklines feature the short overlapping "V".

Ski jackets also were made in pastels, white and black. One white jacket, of double Swedish waterproofed poplin, sported a red slalom track running down the sleeves.



Buttons were used as detail by Diane of London in the Autumn-Winter collection shown last week. This cream knitted-wool fitted dress has its bell-boy front panel framed by small brown buttons.

As for street dresses, the Swedish mood was easy and informal. Few had bells, and those which did featured bells wide in front and narrow at the back.

Colours were black and tan, grey and white, tan and pastel blue, in tweeds and checks.

Another foreign house caught the fashion spotlight in London although six London houses were busily showing their autumn clothes of fashion experts.

★ ★ ★

It was Madam Mangin's collection which threw every London designer into the shadow last week.

The daughter of the famous French painter, Henri Mangin, brought out the most individual and handsome clothes for fashionable women I have seen for many months. And they were all priced between 18 and 25 guineas.

Her lines were not new—loose jackets, large curving coats, pencil skirts—but there was an elegance and individual simplicity to her whole collection. Where many designers exaggerate detail, Madam Mangin nearly hides it. She uses a seam or a line as a suggestion only, allowing your imagination to follow her suggestion through.

Often that detail is found in buttons. Usually large, and sparsely used, they seem, in retrospect, to distinguish the Mangin collection.

One coat, for example, had both sides of the front from



"Chantilly" by Madam Mangin is of pure wool, checked in violet and green. The double-breasted shoulders the barely hip-length jacket.

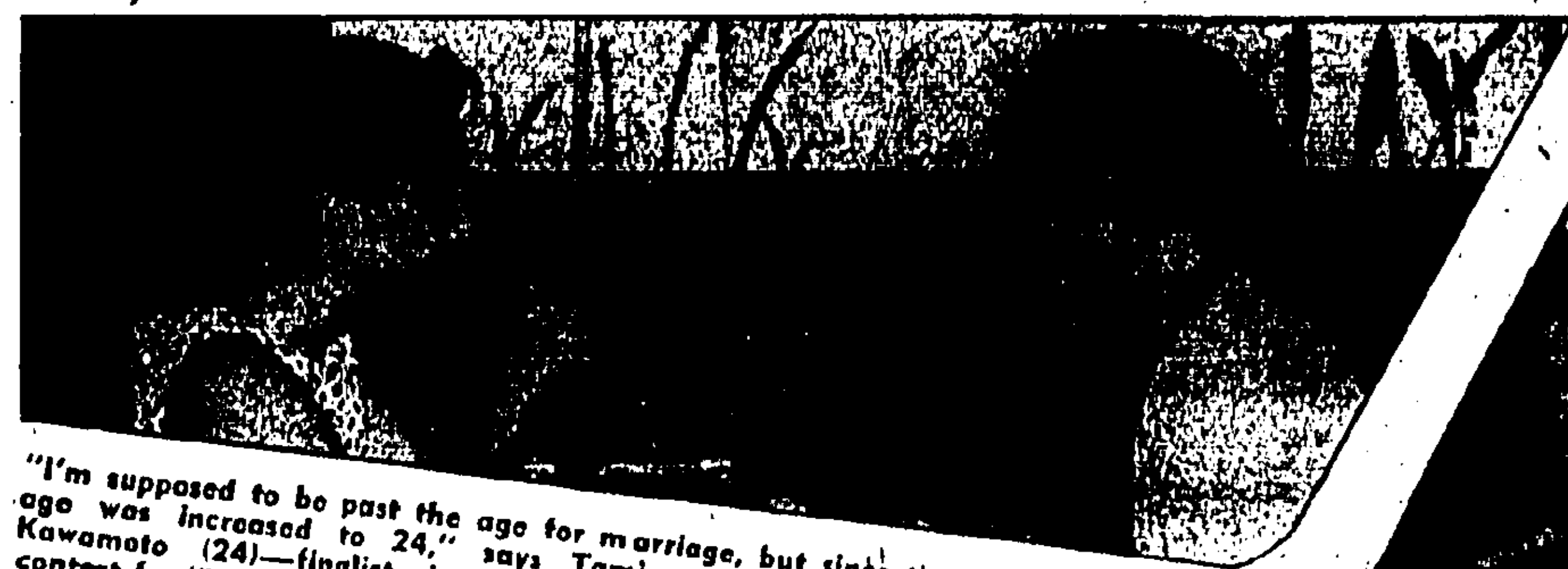
Just to them trimmed with big widely-spaced buttons. Actual fastening of the coat was inside, so that the coat hung neatly and easily.

The Mangin colours for Autumn run from cherry red to black. Much of her collection was in mauve. Her clothes are checked tweeds, Scotch and Irish tweeds, English flannels for suits. Coats are big and soft in natural wool and mohair, cashmere, all wool pile velour. A few were trimmed in black Persian lamb, white ermine and—I'm afraid well beyond the 20 guinea mark—in white mink.

—JILL CARRY



A NEW partnership for your summer holidays—a coolie hat and bag to pop up your last year's dress or suit. The hat is in white, roughly glassed straw; the deep, roomy bag in navy blue, lacquered with white leaves to match the hat.



"I'm supposed to be past the age for marriage, but since the end of the war the age was increased to 24," says Tamie Kawamoto (24)—finalist in New York contest for "World's Ideal Airline Hostess," being interviewed here by Jane Roberts. (Staff Photographer)



PAMELA WOOLMORE and ANDREW GOLD (right) visiting singers chatting at party in their honour with Mr and Mrs D. E. Brook. (Staff Photographer)

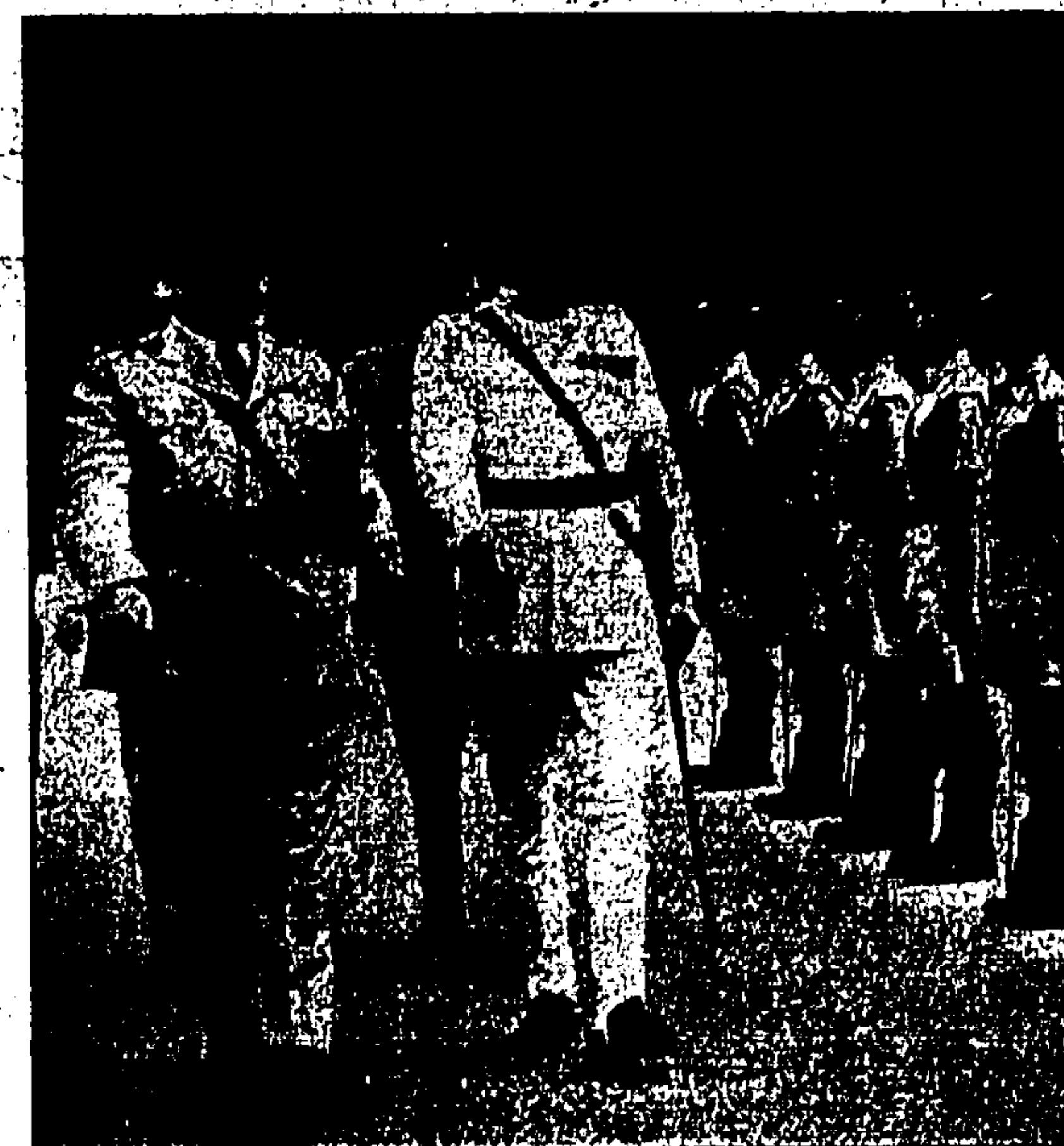


AUSTRALIA'S Girl of the Golden Beaches 17-year-old CAROL GOOSTREY takes her first step to stardom, and the step brought her to Hongkong. The trip was part of her prize—but the pleasure's ours. (Staff Photographer)

HAPPY CUTTING (left) Mr and Mrs Frederick Mills after their wedding at St John's. LUCKY BLOWING (right) Kato Hayes . . . 3 candles. (Ming Yuen Studio.)



Conversation and cocktails—Mrs Adarkar, Mrs L. B. Stone, and Dr W. J. Cator at the Barma's party in honour of the Inspector General of Police (Bombay). LEFT: Mr and Mrs M. W. Huang at their wedding. RIGHT: Col. C. W. Fletcher, Chief of Staff, Hongkong Land Forces, at passing out parade of regular recruits, Police Training School, Aberdeen. (Staff Photographers)



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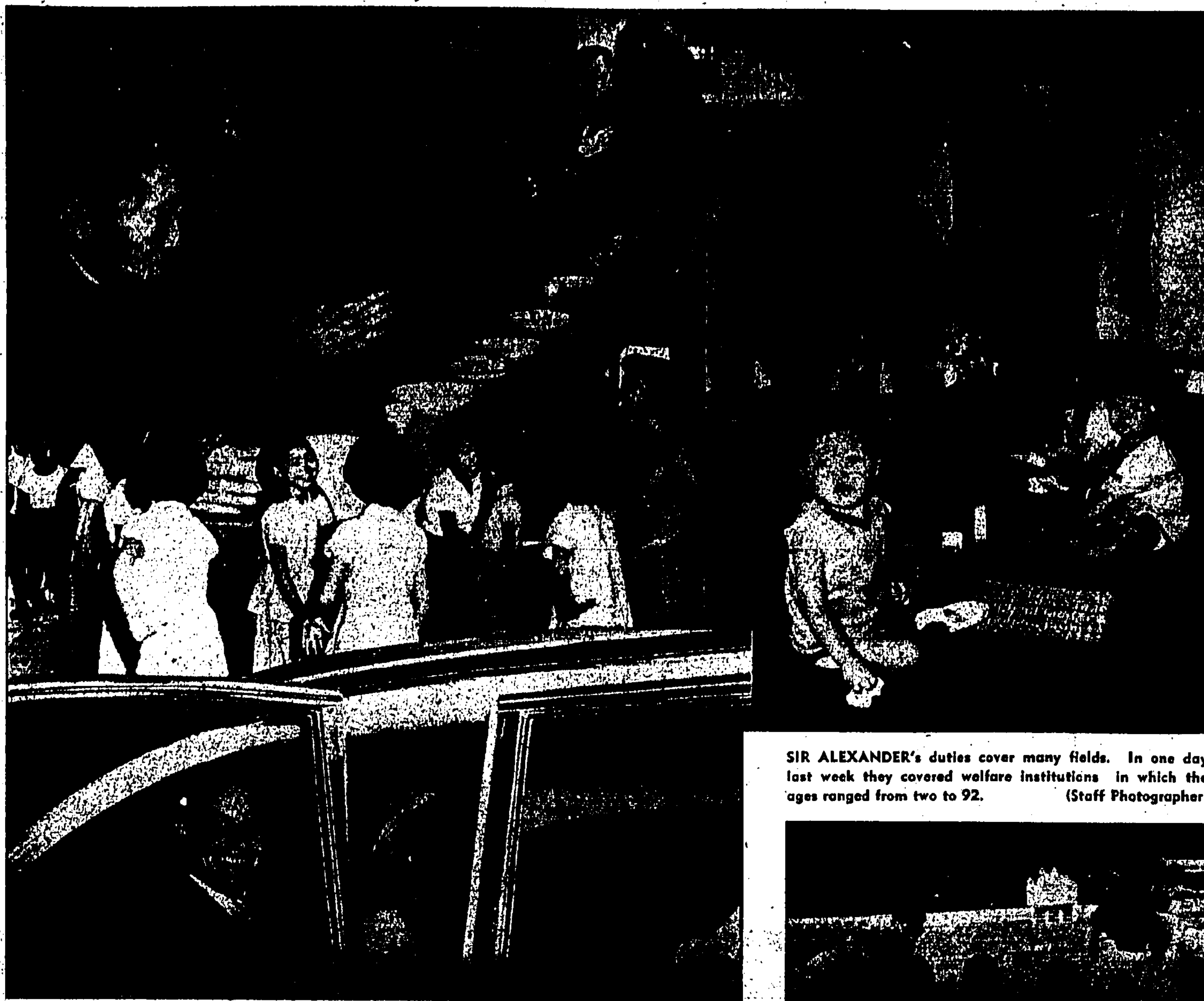
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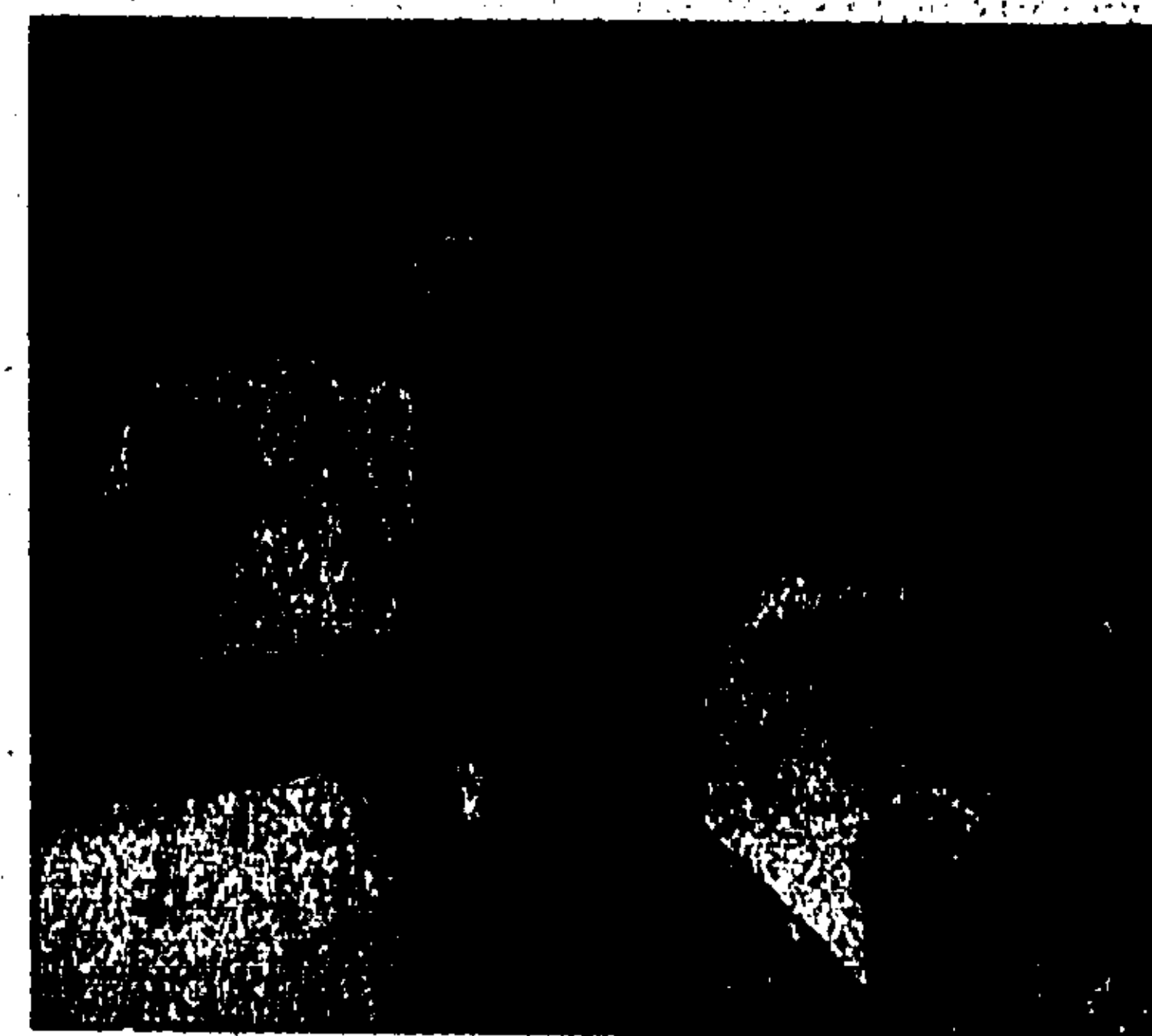


SIR ALEXANDER's duties cover many fields. In one day last week they covered welfare institutions in which the ages ranged from two to 92. (Staff Photographer)

DRIVEAWAY view of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Shakespeare after their wedding at St. John's Cathedral. TIME EXPIRED—the Hawkins' farewell to Hongkong. The Hon B.C.K. and Mr J.C. McDouall. Mrs Hawkins and Mrs K.M.A. Barnett. (Staff Photographers)



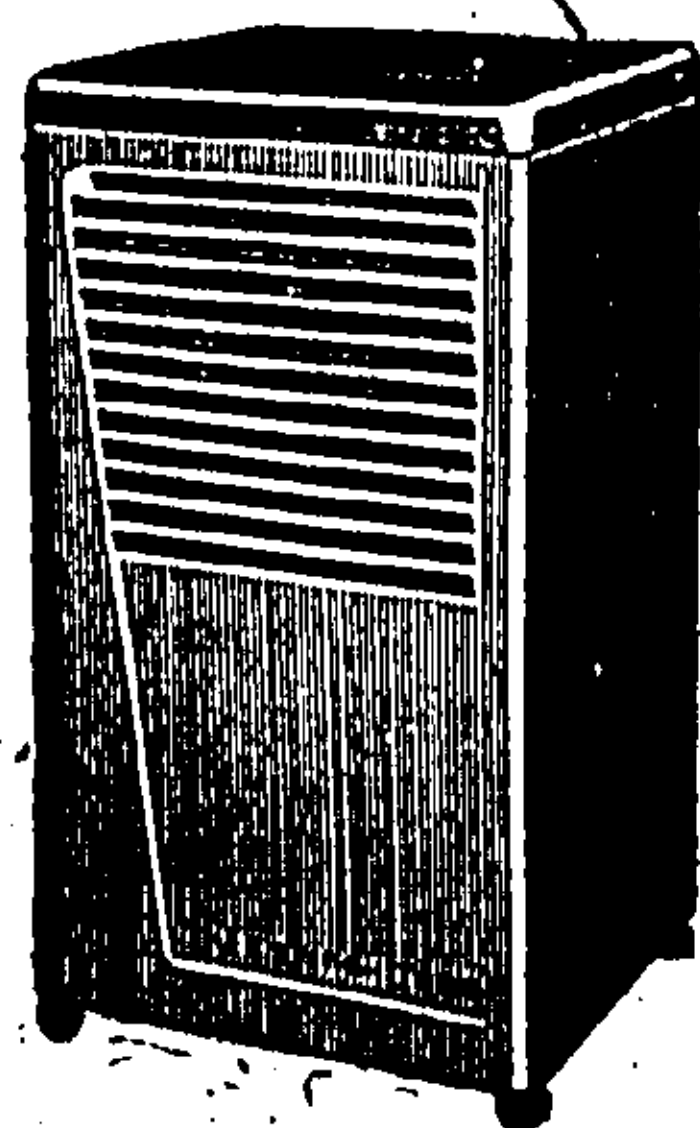
"AN artist with a javelin . . . and pretty good at almost anything else you can suggest on track or field" was the verdict of Hongkong athletes as visiting US track coach and Olympic champion Bill Miller ends his popular round of coaching in schools and public stadia. (Staff Photographer)



WOT! Raffles at the Police Ball? Anyway Kathryn Lo was not arrested—and the game chanced to be called "Lucky Dip." (Staff Photographer)



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THE Last Post sounds over Sai Wan war memorial cemetery as the Rev J. Fraud leads Middlesex Regiment old comrades in a service on their regimental day. (Inset—Elizabeth Peasley, Flowers, and a grave.) (Staff Photographer)

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Just A Few Billion

The big row between President Eisenhower who wants to spend 73 billion dollars worth of the taxpayer's money this year, and the taxpayer's allies, who don't want him to, goes on unabated.

The latest theory is this: Eisenhower will get more than most Congressmen think is good for him, though not as much as he wants. The Congressmen are still too chary of his prestige to make it an all-out fight.

But he will lose much political support in the process.

Among those who are most likely to go is Treasury Secretary Herbert Humphrey.

Humphrey's close friends say he will quit within a month. He has been opposed to the big budget all along.

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$



"As far as I can make out he wishes to trade you six of his wives and a camel for a carton of Lucky Strike."

COME ABOARD THE FANTASTIC FORRESTAL

The ship that smokes 16,000 cigarettes a day...

By RICHARD KILIAN

THE hillbilly band jiggled a ragged tune in a hanger crowded with sleek jet-aircraft.

The Forrestal—America and NATO's nuclear striking carrier—headed happily to "home" waters of the Western Mediterranean.

The men of this king-size filter-tip fleet were excited.

An officer—a Korean ace pilot with five kills—got up and sang "Now is the hour."

His message got across to men eager to leave the troubled Arab world astern by the rising sun. The men joined in lustily in the Second World War song, but most were too young, too pink-cheeked to remember other people sang the same song in other places.

Filter-tips

High above, beyond the 3-in.-thick armoured steel flight deck, only the moon and the wind, swirling through radar awnings and yards and 60,000 tons of crisscrossing steel, flicked the calm waters aside casually, was noticeable.

Below, 2,000 men or more sat spellbound watching films and

and now. Two thousand of this heading skyward: 4,000 men smoked their filter-tipped cigarettes, zipped soft drinks, shaved as the coldest ocean I have ever tasted hurt their teeth.

Life aboard the Forrestal had eased since the turnaround orders from Washington.

Sixteen thousand cigarettes a day are consumed on the Forrestal at sea. Among the officers filter-tips have an overwhelming lead on other cigarettes.

Even younger men aware of the cancer scare have switched to them. But the older men still think "they're for girls." Two hundred filter cigarettes cost 7¢.

In 12 cinema projects, the Forrestal's "Far Country," starring James Stewart, "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," with William Holden and Grace Kelly, "Violent Saturday," with Victor Mature, "Beneath the Twelve Mile Reef," "World Without End," "Crossed Swords," and on and on.

There are 32 films on board to keep the clicking hunger of projectors satisfied and the

cinema appetites of the men sated. The look-out six stores above the flight deck peered through binoculars. Sixteen stories below him in shaft alley a fireman stared at the huge propeller shaft casings to make sure they do not over-heat. There are the two loneliest jobs on board.

"Coke" machines have queues of damage-clad seamen waiting for cold drinks.

Jazz is coming from the party modern bunkrooms of enlisted men. Men wander through eerie corridors in tow, others sit playing cards at small tables in every bunk-room.

But tonight most of them are at a hillbilly charity concert to collect money. "Who wants to hear 'Star Dust'?" the compere asks. Eight hands are raised. "Let's get those, naming this request is one dollar each."

The air is odourless and cool. But air-conditioning is not liked by all men who do not see the sun for weeks—there are no portholes on the Forrestal—they complain that once they catch colds they cannot get rid of them in the artificial atmosphere.

That is another part of the Forrestal's plans for atomic warfare. "You would be safer inside this ship from radioactive particles than almost anywhere else," the medical officer told me.

Laundry

In my cabin I have a service which would shame the best Park Lane hotels. Shirts washed, starched, ironed, and delivered in 90 minutes. Dry cleaning in half a day, unchanging room temperature, neat, cream-coloured walls, fluorescent light, bed lights that work, hot water galore.

Noise? Well, after all, this is a warship.

When operations are over, however, you could be inside a space ship in the quiet of deep space going to Mars as easily as on the approaches to the Strait of Messina.

A "bull session" about home and girl friends or about girls in Cannes or Barcelona is still the most popular pastime.

You hear them start: "You see, there was this base in Rapallo..."

Equipment strategy—everything else about the navy—may have changed, but sailors are still sailors.

To ease the highly pitched tension among jet pilots each squadron has a ready room with everything on a round-the-clock basis. Pilots sleep in deep chairs in low-keyed lighting and watch their films—sometimes they run two separate films several times daily.

They live two to a room close by the ready room for a scramble. Next to the ready room, equipped with air-line-type reclining seats is a snack bar. The duty cook is ready to make eggs, hamburgers, sandwiches (toasted or plain) at all times.

After "taps" at 10.30 p.m. the ship turns into a red-lighted maze in which the uninitiated can get really lost. Like a subway, however, there are ship's plans at regular intervals with arrows saying "You are here." Below decks

What about exercise? I asked stupidly. "Master, how do you feel after walking miles in this ship every day?"

Strict order is kept by a truncheon-carrying master-at-arms corps.

The Forrestal seems to be a taut ship, but there is no question it is a polite ship.

Everywhere there are smiles and "Excuse me" or "Thanks a lot."

Belonging to the mighty Forrestal seems to weld men together.

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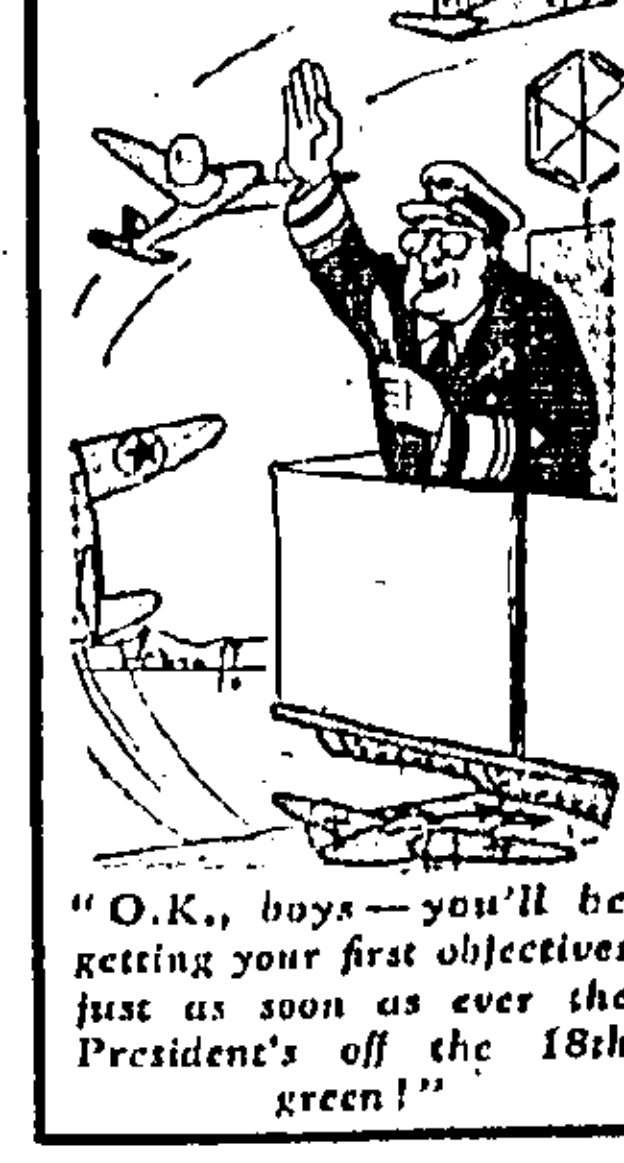
Belonging to the mighty Forrestal seems to weld men together.

Dial service

Here you practically dial room service. You use a telephone same as in a big navy.

POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER



"O.K., boys—you'll be getting your first objectives just as soon as ever the President's off the 18th green!"

British Ships may float from Poland soon

By FREDERICK ELLIS

HUSH-HUSH talks took place recently in London between Polish shipbuilders and representatives of Lloyd's Register of Shipping. The outcome may mean big orders being placed with Polish yards by British shipowners.

The talks centre on reaching agreement as to the building standards needed for Polish ships to meet the specification laid down by Lloyd's.

A handicap

Talking for the Poles are Professor Potyra and Mr. Godlewski, of the Polish Register—opposite numbers of the Lloyd's men.

The Poles have boosted their shipyards at Gdansk and Gdynia on the Gulf of Danzig. But they are handicapped in getting orders because without Lloyd's recognition shipowners are reluctant to buy.

So the Poles are here to fix a "specification" and arrange for Lloyd's men to inspect them while they are being built. If Lloyd's let the Poles into their "club," there will be a rush by British and foreign shipowners to place orders there.

Quick delivery

For the Poles can give quicker delivery of ships in the "super" class than any other European country.

And delivery is even more important than price just now to shipowners. So keen are they to secure berths and avoid a four to five-year wait that queue-jumpers have paid as

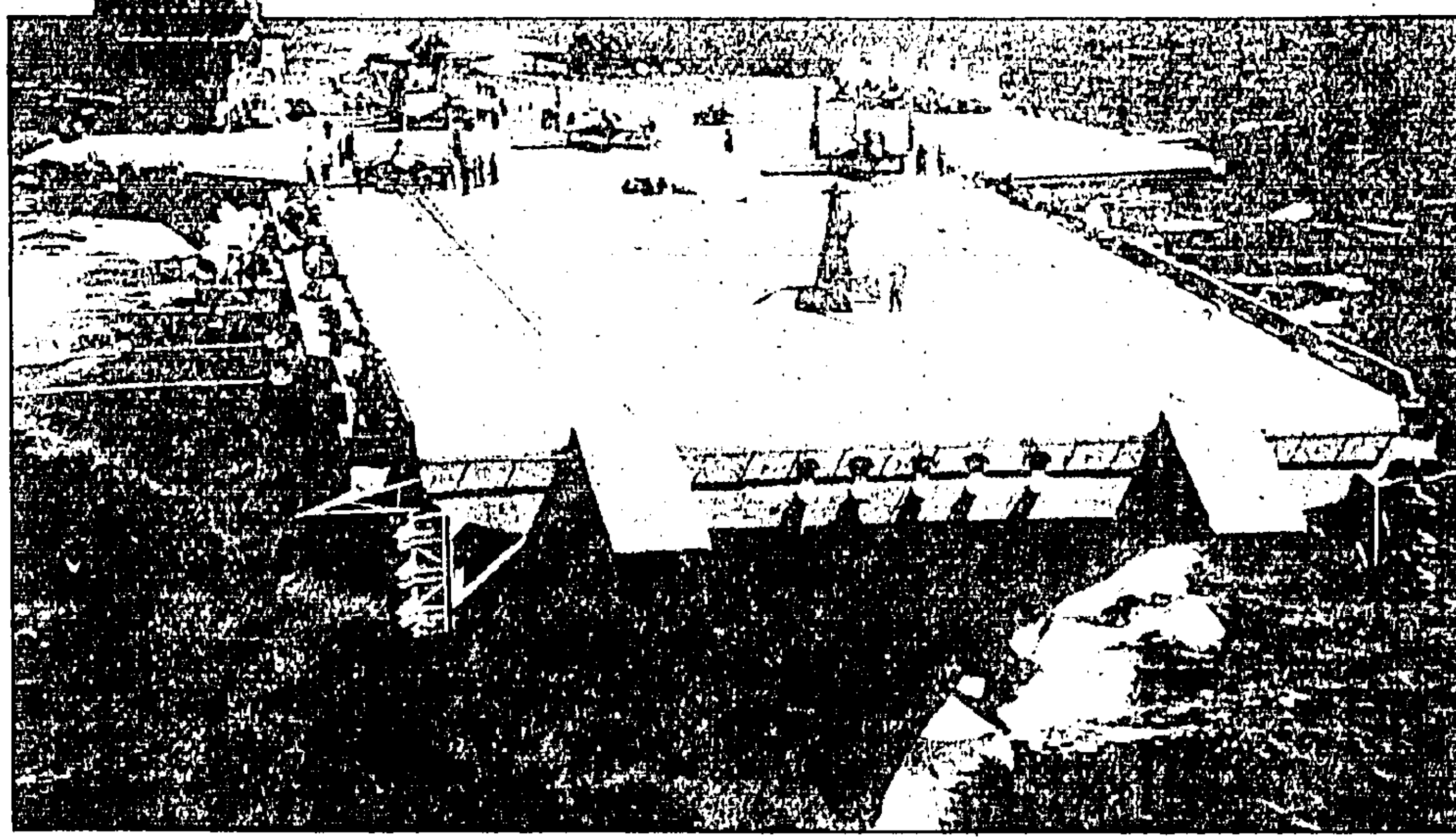


"GDANSK, Poland's big shipbuilding centre, is known to the rest of the world as Danzig. It was claimed by the Germans and helped to touch off World War Two. Gdynia was built up from a small fishing village after Danzig was made a Free City by the League of Nations after the First World War."

much as £500,000 for earlier delivery.

The Budget too will help the Poles—for British shipowners will now be encouraged to place more orders. Those orders will go to firms giving the quickest delivery.

So it looks like being good business for Poland—and brings yet another warning to the British shipyard worker.



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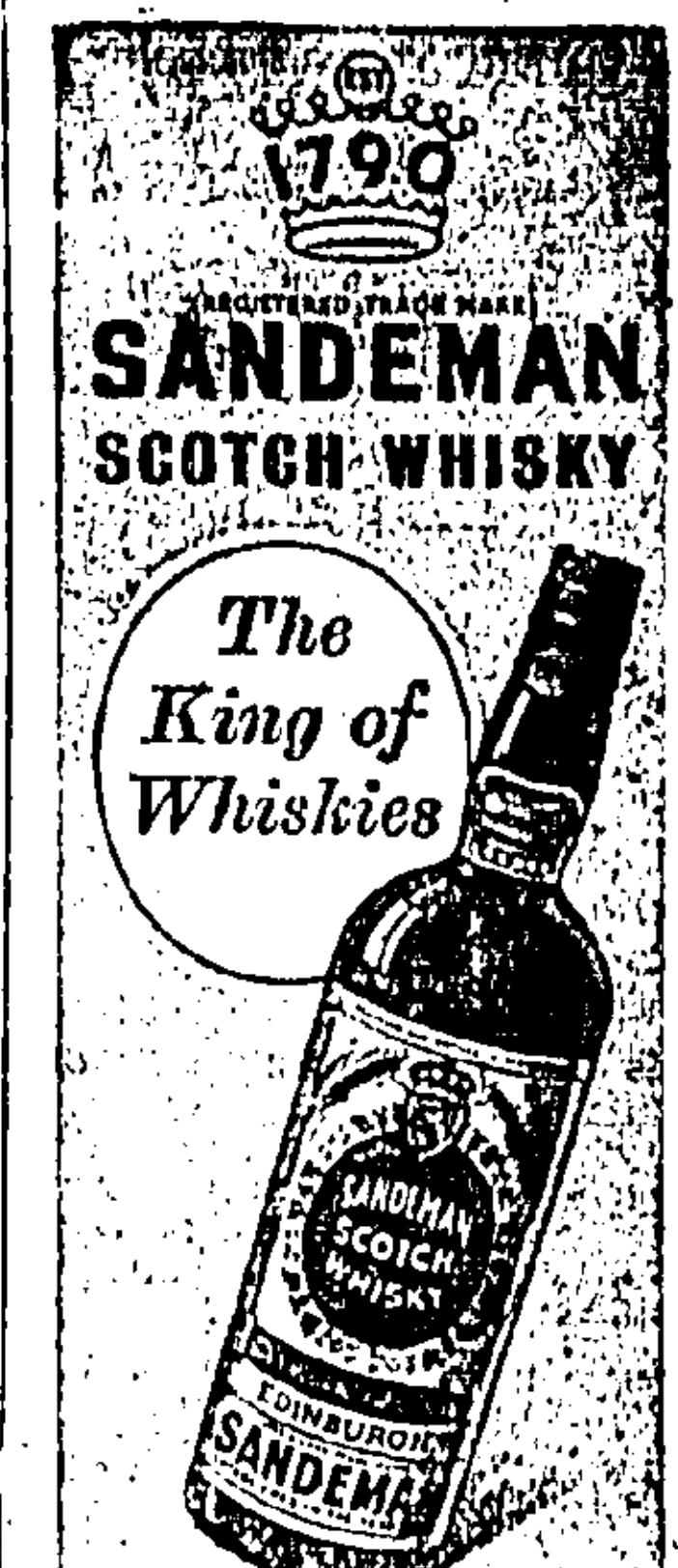
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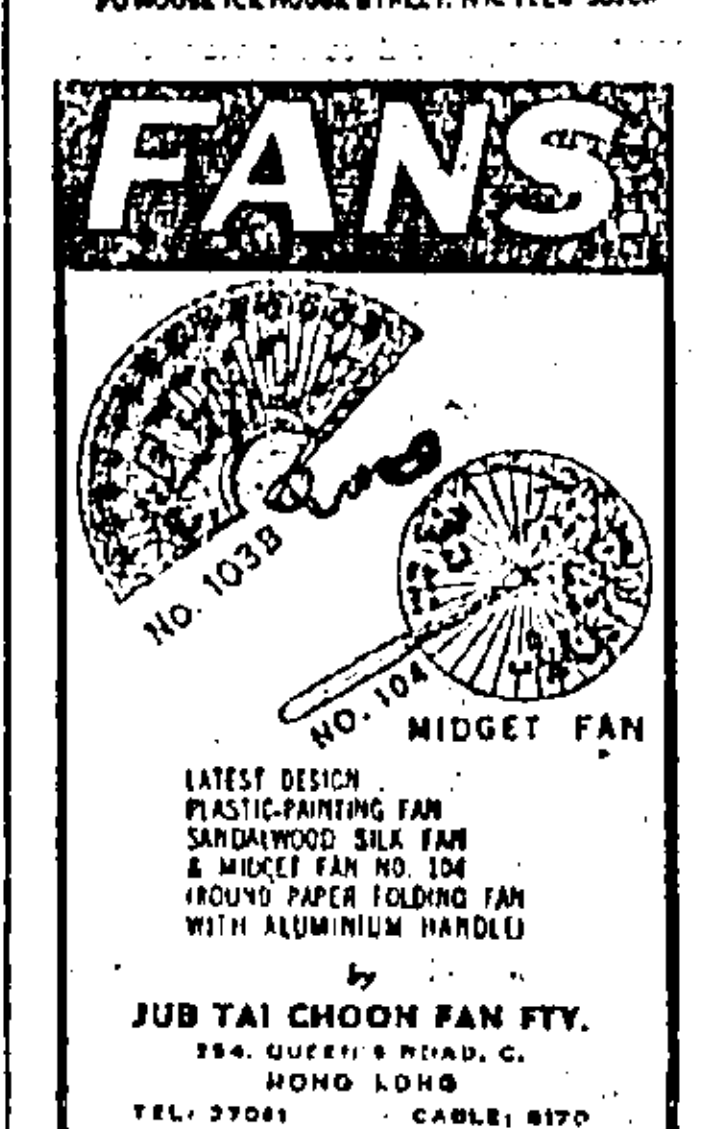
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CYRIL STAPLETON'S COLUMN

Glenn Miller plays again
—bang goes an illusion

GLENN Miller is perhaps the most magical name in popular music's history.

I was always a Miller fan. I thought his band of the American Expeditionary Force to be the greatest swing-music combination of all time.

So when this week a "new" Miller L.P. called "Polka Dots and Moonbeams" was issued I couldn't wait to play it.

This long-player is made up of 10 titles which Miller originally recorded between 1939 and 1942.

ANTIQUATED

AS for nostalgia, many people are going to hate me for saying this—but as soon as the record started to spin, the Miller Magic completely disappeared.

The band, so fabulous in 1944, sounded thin, gutless, and antiquated compared with the great orchestras of 1957. I took the Miller L.P. off before it was finished and sadly filed it away.

Miller disappeared on a wartime flight to Paris. But his music goes marching on.

Last month it turned up behind the Iron Curtain. A new Glenn Miller Orchestra, assembled and directed by Miller's ex-drummer Ray McKinley, had dusted off the old arrangements and taken them on a tour sponsored by the American State Department. Their Warsaw concert was almost literally a riot.

JUDY AIMS FOR THE MUMS

ALTHOUGH Judy Holliday has been awarded a theatre "Oscar" for being the best musical comedy actress on Broadway, she has only just made her first gramophone record.

It's the title song from her new film "Full of Life."

I listened to the record the other day expecting to hear Miss Holliday burst into an energetic performance of the dim-witted comedy sort for which she is so famous. But the life Miss Holliday is full of is not the kind that calls

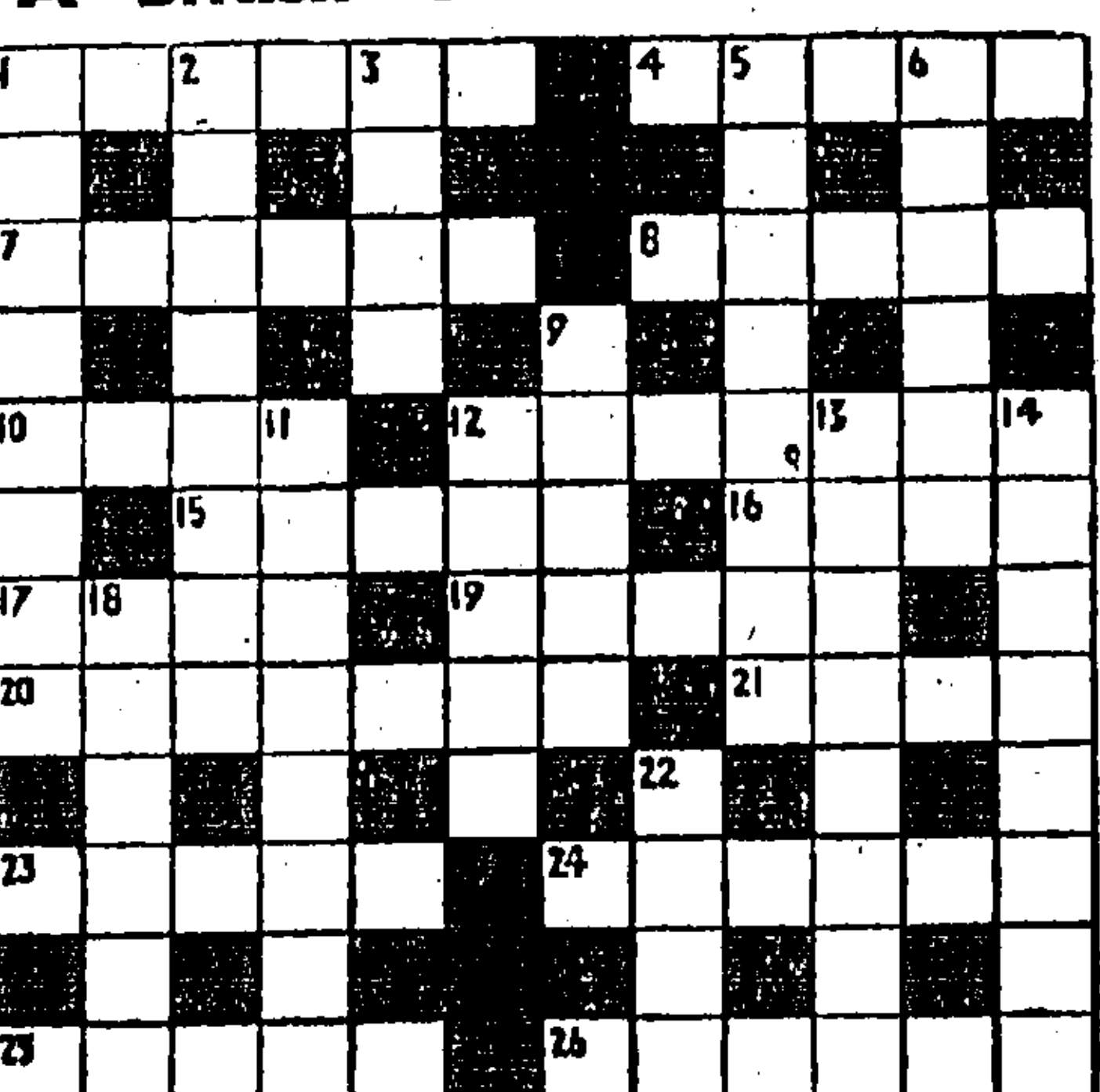
for energetic performances. It is a very pleasant little song about a happily married girl who is expecting a baby.

FRANKIE DOES A DOUBLE

ONE teenage idol who can now sleep with a tranquil mind is Frankie Vaughan. With his first bid as a film

actor safely completed, Frankie makes a second in October. Just to console the Vaughan fans, Frankie does sing in his first film. I've just heard his numbers from "These Dangerous Years." "What's Behind That Strange Door?" and "Cold, Cold Shower." Verdict? Another couple of winners for the teenage market.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Straightforward (6).
- 4 Fish (5).
- 7 Steep (6).
- 8 Material (5).
- 10 Applaud (4).
- 12 Hide (7).
- 15 Exclude (5).
- 16 Besides (4).
- 17 Part (4).
- 19 Gem? (5).
- 20 Opposes (7).
- 21 Instigates (4).
- 23 Correct (5).
- 24 Gun (6).
- 25 Loud speakers, we're told (5).

DOWN

- 1 Business chief (8).
- 2 Classified anew (6).
- 3 Pat (4).
- 5 Geological period (8).
- 6 Amphitheatre (6).
- 9 Strong points (5).
- 11 Withered away (6).
- 12 Social class (5).
- 13 Grace (8).
- 14 Diminished (8).
- 16 City of canals (6).
- 22 The fence could do with some paint (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Monsters, 8 Random, 9 Limiting, 11 Scurries, 12 Mere, 13 Strip, 16 Sates, 18 Aroq, 22 Rebutted, 24 Intrudes, 25 Se-ni-l-e, 26 Serpents. Down: 1 Grass, 2 Knock, 3 Molests, 4 Omit, 5 Skis, 6 Exiled, 7 Sagged, 10 Merit, 14 Rated, 15 Peruses, 16 Habits, 17 Postler, 20 Stain, 21 Adder, 22 Rude, 23 Best.

THE TOP TEN

- 1 "CUMBERLAND GAP" Lennie Donagan, Pyc-Nisa. (1)
- 2 "BANANA BOAT." Harry Belafonte, ILMV (2)
- 3 "YOUNG LOVE." Tab Hunter. London. (3)
- 4 "NINETY-NINE WAYS." Tab Hunter. London. (8)
- 5 "BABY BABY." Teen-Agers Columbia. (6)
- 6 "LONG TALL SALLY." Little Richard. London. (5)
- 7 "ROCK-A-BILLY." Guy Mitchell. Philips. (—)
- 8 "LOOK HOMEWARD ANGEL." Johnnie Ray. Philips. (7)
- 9 "BUTTERFLY." Andy Williams. London. (—)
- 10 "THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT." Little Richard. London. (—)

FICTION SHELF

by PHILIP OAKES

STAN THE EXECUTION. By Daniel Nash. Cape, 15s.—Topical and tragic documentary of the kidnapping of a British soldier in Cyprus, as hostage for a terrorist under sentence of death. Solution sought by disenchanted Englishman, who was a wartime friend of the terrorist chief. Told in sharp, sober prose, with no heroics, little comment, and pity for all.

THE LOVING COUPLE. By Virginia Rowan. Muller, 13s. 6d. Blow-by-blow account of a husband and wife bawl after five happy years within the wedding ring. Fairly effective gimmick of telling the story, first from his corner, then from hers. Very bright and bitchy, with sniping asides at advertising, exurbanites, and bright young men on the make.

THE FINAL CHAPTER. By Nicholas Blake. Collins, 12s. 6d. Hired to discover who reinstated two libellous paragraphs in a General's memoirs, detective Nigel Strangeways earns his fee when a woman novelist is found murdered on the publisher's floor. Suspects include a burned-out poet, a greasy-collared Bohemian, and the Madras-sliping head of the firm. Stylish writing, with built-in detection. Really vintage stuff. (London Express Service).

The man who sold his wife's confessions

THE UNHAPPY COUNTESS. By Ralph Arnold. Constable, 21s. 213 pages.

by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON
EVENING STANDARD BOOK CRITIC

SPARE a tear for Mary Eleanor Bowes, Countess of Strathmore, heiress, blue stocking, author, who died in 1800 and is buried in Westminster Abbey. A tear, even if it has to be acknowledged that Mary Eleanor's miseries flowed mainly from the fact that she was a fool beyond any reasonable allowance.

She began well enough, with a fortune of £600,000 left by her father, a Durham coal-owner.

NAME ADDED

After brushes with various fortune-hunting young men, she married the ninth Earl of Strathmore, "a sincere friend, a hearty Scotchman and a good bottle companion." This nobleman, warmed by the proximity of a fortune, consented to add "Bowes" to his own name of "Lyon" but, unhappily, could not share his wife's cultural interests.

Mary Eleanor wrote a five-act drama, The Siege of Jerusalem, and in the midst of a sentimental attachment for young James Graham, of Fintry, "much too forward for his years," allowed herself to be pursued by a gentleman from India, George Grey, until "one unfortunate morning, I was off my guard."

When Lord Strathmore died in 1776, Grey expected to marry the widow, but was out-manoeuvred by Andrew Robinson Stoney, a half-pay lieutenant with an assiduous Irish tongue. For Grey defeat was shorn of its sharpest pain by £12,000 paid for breach of promise, by the countess. For Stoney—now known as Stoney Bowes—victory was embittered by the discovery that his wife's fortune had been put out of his reach by legal instruments.

The worst side of Bowes now emerged. He kicked and punched his wife; threw a dish of hot potatoes at her and then made her eat them until she was sick. Worse, he got the wet nurse with child and ravished two nursery maids.

Having caught his wife in some deception, he made her write her "Confessions," which he later published at half a crown.

At last she fled to Bloomsbury from Bowes's house in Grosvenor Square; her husband determined to abduct her, which he did with the aid of a constable, Edward Lucas, on "Four Eyes."

RESCUE

Lady Strathmore was carried off to the north. There, no doubt, she would have been certified as a lunatic, if she had not been rescued near Darlington.

Bowes, an unblushing but oddly ineffectual rascal, was sentenced to three years in the King's Bench prison. There he lived comfortably enough with Jenny Sutton, the accommodating daughter of a fellow-prisoner.

So ends the story here told by Ralph Arnold. An interesting glimpse of low comedy and criminal drama, narrated with much detail and too little vivacity.

Here is the eighteenth century, cynical, ruffianly, scandalous, with its typical villain, the half-pay officer, and its appropriate heroine-victim, an heiress who, one unfortunate morning, was once too often off her guard.

LONELY

CAPTURED IN TIBET. By Robert Ford. Harrop, 18s. 256 pages.

THE prayer-wheels turned unceasingly. The rosaries were never still. The dancing monks were nimble than ever. There were bigger butter images in the temples; brighter butter lamps. All hearts turned to the gods. All heads but Ford's.

Ford was the radio operator, and at that moment, the loneliest Christian in the world.

It was the Tibetan New Year and everybody knew that, very soon, the invasion of the Chinese Communists would be launched. Ford looked up without faith at the bright new prayer flags on his aerial masts. He had a reasoned apprehension about the future. As an Englishman and an employee of the Tibetan government, he could only expect to be looked on with suspicion if the Communists caught him. The Communists did catch him.

He spent the next five years in a Chinese prison being interrogated every day by humourless and tireless Chinese officials. "Confess your crime and live! Hide it and die!" said the poster outside the interrogation hut.

But what was Ford's crime? He did not know. For instance, it was untrue that he had poisoned the Red Lama, a Tibetan monk who had gone over to the Communists. Nor was he an agent of British intelligence.

His captors had him in a cleft stick. If he denied his guilt, he was showing without pause, in error, if he adopted the whole Marxist vocabulary, he was rebuked. "Anyone can shout slogans; prove that you have progressed."

In the end, he confessed to a pack of lies, was sentenced to 10 years' imprisonment—and instantly released.

Compared with his five years among the prim doctrinaires of Red China, Ford's life in Tibet held nothing more obscure than a butter image and nothing sillier than a prayer-wheel.

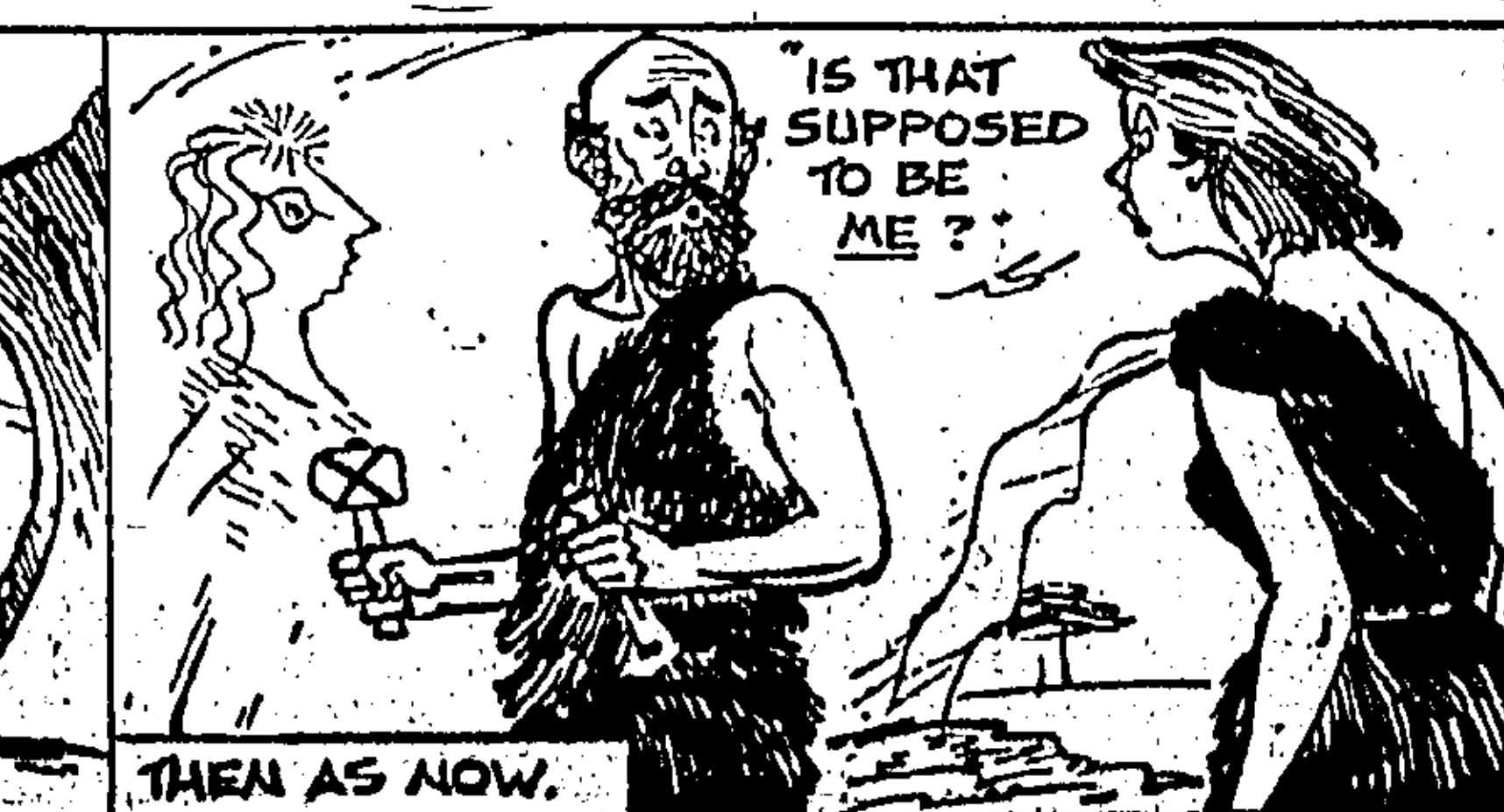
In a book without literary pretensions Ford has told the story of one man's extraordinary adventure and dramatic, not without pathos, a critical moment in the history of the strangest land on earth.

Ford has the claim on our attention of the man who was there.

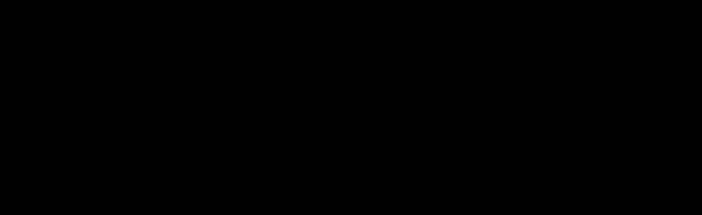
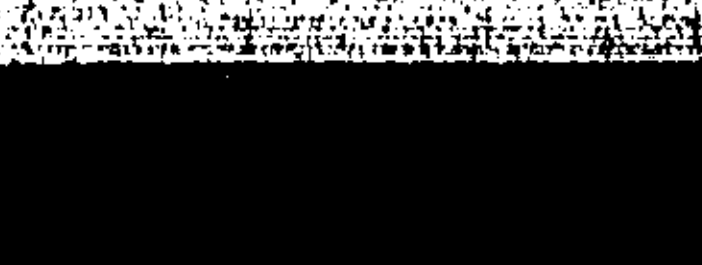
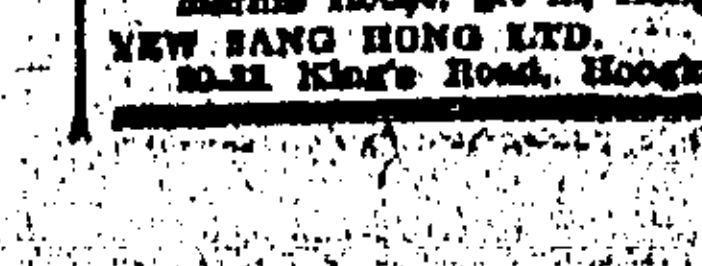
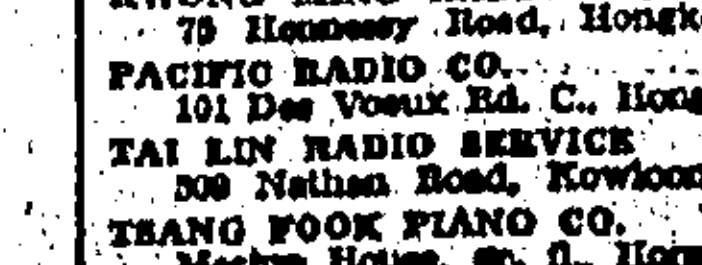
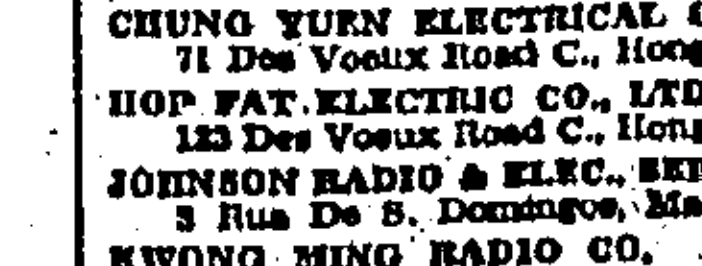
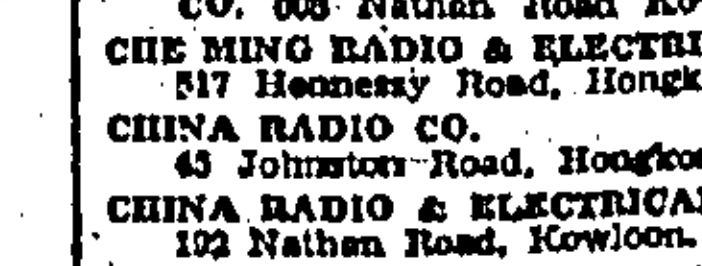
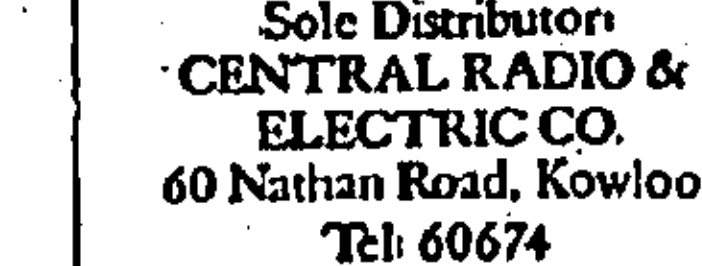
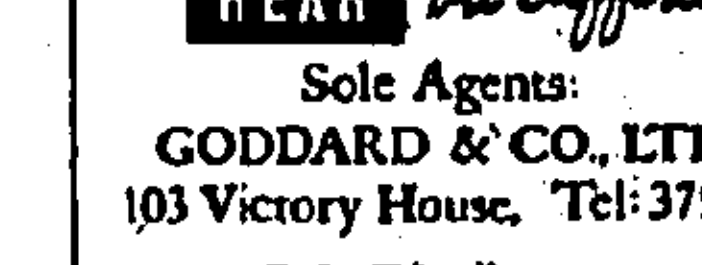
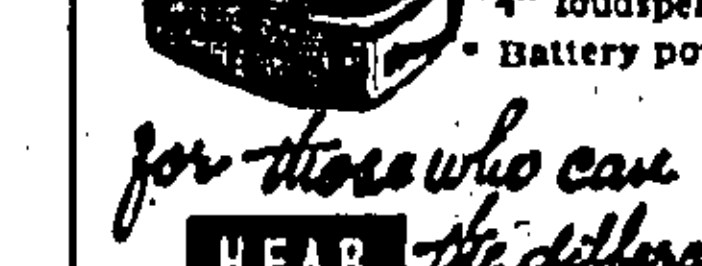
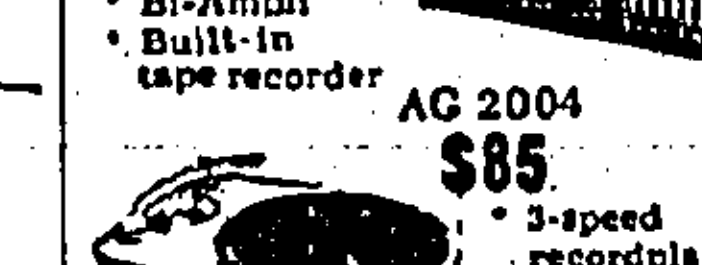
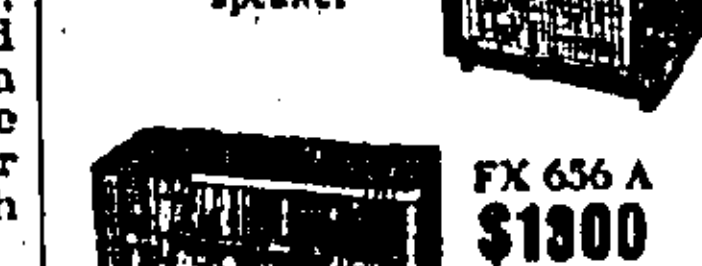
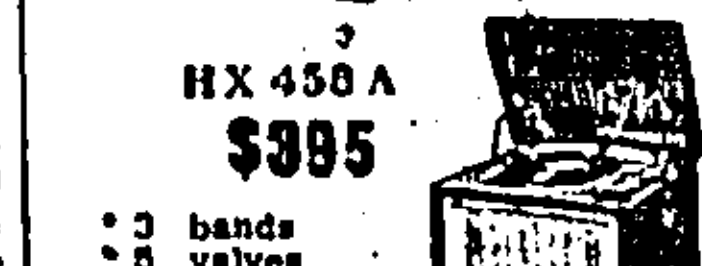
VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Even In Those Days

BY HARRY WEINERT



PHILIPS

TABLEGRAMS
RADIOGRAMS
and
RECORD CHANGERSThe only **AMPLI** sets in the world

In Wednesday Theatre at 8.45 listeners can hear the first of a series of six plays on the lives of various English women who have worked in the service of their own sex. Under the general title of "Ministering Angels" these programmes have purposely avoided the most famous angels, such as Florence Nightingale, and have aimed at presenting the lesser-known, but not less admirable or interesting women.

Thirty Minute Theatre—**"Drain"** play is called "Drain" Schlumberger and Mrs. Malloy. It is an incident from the novel "Watering Place" by Robert Liddell. The watering place is a quiet English spa, the sort of place where retired folk set of place.

The two characters of the title, a middle-aged widow and an elderly German, strike up a close friendship which causes great scandal amongst the town's gossiping inhabitants who cannot look on this relationship as anything but undesirable. The results of their cruel gossip can be heard in the play at 9 o'clock tonight.

FERD'NAND



The illustration shows a man in a dark suit and a top hat standing next to a woman in a light-colored dress. They are in front of a building with a sign that reads "CHILD BEAR GENTLE". There are other people in the background, including a child and a man in a top hat.

| | | | |
|-----------|--------------------------------|------|----------------------------------|
| 8.25 | MIDLANDS. | 1.30 | PICTURE PROGRAMME: SUMMER |
| 9.00 | THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. | 1.35 | MUSIC FROM THE FILMS. |
| | A programme in preparation for | 1.40 | TIME SIGNAL. |
| 9.30 | London. | 1.45 | WEATHER REPORT. |
| 9.45 | OUR KIND OF MUSIC. | 1.50 | THE SPECIAL / |
| | Peter Yorke and his Orchestra. | 1.55 | NOTIFICATIONS. |
| 9.50 | Light music. | 1.58 | AFTERNOON CONCERT. |
| 10.00 | THE NEWS. | 2.00 | White Lute (C. Wood, 100 |
| 10.15 | MUSIC RAFFETY. | | death) The London. Philharm. |
| | A melodic pattern coloured for | | Orch. cond. by Joan Martin. |
| | your pleasure. | | Gerro in Suite (C. Wood, 100 |
| 11.00 | THE RADIO NEWSREEL. | | Alberto Pizzini): Largo per |
| 11.15 | MILITARY BAND. | | Arpe E Organo (Giuseppe |
| 11.45 | A PORTRAIT OF EDWARD | | Arpe E Organo (Giuseppe |
| | ELGAR. | | Arpe E Organo (Giuseppe |
| | As remembered by those who | | Arpe E Organo (Giuseppe |
| know him. | | | Arpe E Organo (Giuseppe |
| | | | Orch. cond. by Joseph Keilberth. |
| | | | 2.00 CLOSE DOWN. |

SPAIN

CASTLES IN SPAIN
Orquesta Zarzuela de Madrid conducted by
Federico Moreno Torroba
*Preludio from "La Verbena de la Paloma" — Viva
Navarra — El Caserio — Madrilenas & Others.*

MUSIC FROM SPAIN
Enrique Jorda conducting l'Orchestre De La
Societa Des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris.
"La Vida Breve" — Spanish Dance Folia — "La

Procession del Roclo" Op. 9 Turina & Others.

ANDALUCIA | **SONGS OF SPAIN**
Leocadia | *Albeniz*
Leonard Pennario, Piano.

PLANO. MUSIC OF SPAIN
Falls: Ritual Fire Dance — Granada — The
Maiden and the Nightingale and others.
Leonard Pennario, Piano.

15, Chater Road, Hong Kong. . . . Tel: 20527
Miramar Arcade, Kowloon. . . . Tel: 63019

SATURDAY MAY 18 9.33 ENGLISH MAGAZINE. By the Rev. Robert Paul.

| | | | | | |
|-----------|---|------|--|-------|---|
| 6.30 p.m. | COMPOSER OF THE WEEK. Bach's (records). | 7.00 | THESE WERE THE DAYS. T.29 IN TOWN TONIGHT. | 8.30 | THE MIDLANDS. THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. |
| 6.40 | FROM THE EDITORIALS. MACPHERSON. | 7.10 | INTERESTING PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY JOHN FIBSON. | 8.40 | A programme in preparation for London Sunday. |
| 6.50 | AT THE THEATRE OYAN. "THE WIZARD RUBIC". | 7.20 | SPORTS ROUND-UP. | 8.45 | OUR KIND OF MUSIC. |
| 7.00 | MILITARY BAND. | 7.30 | REPORT FROM SOUTH-EAST ENGLAND. | 8.50 | Peter Koevoet and his Orchestra |
| 7.10 | THE NEWS. | 7.40 | BEARDMORE. | 9.00 | THE NEWS. |
| 7.20 | MOVIES REVIEW. | 7.50 | MUSIC FOR DANCING. | 10.00 | MUSIC SAFESTY. |
| 7.30 | LETTER FROM AMERICA. | 8.00 | Victor Silver and his Beethoven Orchestra. | 10.10 | A melodic pattern coloured your pleasure. |
| 7.40 | By Alclair Cook. | 8.10 | Cecil Parker and Shalla him in "A CASE FOR DR MOBBLE". | 10.20 | RADIO NEWSREEL |
| 7.50 | STARGAZERS' MUSIC SHOP. | 8.20 | Script by ERNE KENNEDY. | 11.05 | MILITARY BAND. |
| 8.00 | Cricket. | 8.30 | Episode 4: "The Sleep Walker". | 11.45 | A PORTRAIT OF EDWARD GLOVER. |
| 8.10 | THE WEST INDIES. | 8.45 | WORK AND WORSHIP. | | |
| | A commentary by Rex Alston and Kenneth Ablock on the second day's play at Lord's. | | "The Work of the Ecumenical Institute". | | As remembered by those who knew him. |

100-443887-1

1.256 PH. PUGHMAN'S SUMMER
1.257 THE TIME FILMS.
1.258 TIME SIGNAL.
1.13 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 NEWS AND SPECIAL A
1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.
The White Lady-Overture (Bolu-
dieu)-The London Philharmonic
Orch. cond. by Jean Martin
Rachzo-Sym. Ciesion. (Co-
Alberto Pizini): (Luigi per Ar-
Arpe E Organo (Giuseppe Mue-
Orchestra dell' Eiar di Torino direct
by E. Tansini;
Bohemia's Meadows and Forest
(Senehara)-The Bamberger Sym-
Orch. cond. by Joseph Kelbthier.
1.20 CLOSURE DOWN.

CUTEX

THE WORLD'S
MOST
POPULAR
NAIL
POLISH

A black and white photograph of a bottle of Cutex nail polish. The bottle is dark with a light-colored cap and has the Cutex logo on the label.

sugarc.

SPAIN
ES IN SPAIN
 a de Madrid conducted by
 Moreno Torroba
 "Verbena de la Paloma" — Viva
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England Has A Wealth Of Bowlers But Not One Can Be Sure Of A Test Place

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

England is the most fortunate country in the cricket world in its present wealth of bowling, the top, department of the game, according to the old hands, for winning matches.

But a quiet check over the names which provide that wealth leads to the surprising conclusion that I couldn't name one absolute certainty for the First Test now less than three weeks away.

I suppose many people would say that Jim Laker, the man who tore the Australian's shreds last summer, must be an automatic choice. But wait! Shall we have the turning wickets of last year this time? Will the slow off-spinner be effective against these quick moving West Indians on a good plumb wicket?

I think we shall have to wait and see—wait and see Jim's form, too. So often after a tremendous year a bowler can be hit by reversion and just fail to find the touch which yielded so much gold earlier. That isn't just fancy. It is opinion based on hard experience, so much so that sometimes I think this great game of ours deliberately applies its own balances and compensations to make us all realise it is bigger than we are.

As for the last named spinning position, will it be Warde or Lock? On South African form Johnny Wardle should be the first choice. But this series will not be on South African wickets. And from all accounts I doubt whether Johnny will go over-board here, as he did in South Africa, to concentrate on the chinaman and googlie as opposed to the orthodox left arm stuff.

I almost wish he would try a season of concentrating on the unorthodox stuff, for he and the George Tribe of Northants are the only men in the business bowling it these days and I think it could pay well. Especially as Johnny is probably spinning the ball harder than any other bowler.

But I would be the last to advise Johnny. He is typical of his county—a shrewd, balanced, deep-thinking cricketer and he knows English conditions

better than most. After all he built his success here on the orthodox, spiced with the odd surprise chinaman or googlie. So who should say he should change now?

INJURY TROUBLES

Of the England fast bowlers many people say that Brian Statham is a must. But is he? Brian, fit and on form, is the most accurate fast bowler in the world and would be in my team every time. But of late he seems to have been running into injury troubles and with so many other young men hammering on the door for the job he will have to prove one hundred per cent both in fitness and form this season.

I hope he does for he now packs a wealth of experience England is going to need. And at this stage, it looks as if the West Indies bowlers—Walcott, Worrell and Weekes—are moving steadily into top form.

The best bet for the second fast bowling position must be Freddie Trueman. I have always liked the dark-haired Yorkshireman when I was a boy. He has been batting at the other end. When I have a bat in my hand I hate him for I know he is hiding me and has only one thing in his mind—to get rid of me quickly.

But as a fast bowler I would like Freddie on my side any time. For he is strong, really fast, always hostile, always ready to come back for more. And at 28 I would say he is just about at his prime now. He's got all his strength, he's got experience behind him and he's a good bowler.

England's wealth is shown, however, by the fact that Freddie is by no means sure of a place. Surrey's slim Leader is right up there chal-

lenging all the time, and just as long as Frank Tyson is struggling with himself to try to rediscover his lost speed, I reckon it will be an even toss-up between them.

Peter did himself a world of good in South Africa by grasping every opportunity. He didn't break any records by the number of wickets he took but I am assured he impressed everybody by the guts he showed in keeping up his pace and standard of bowling in the heat. With the slightest bit of luck I gather he could have had cracking good figures.

Leader is a little different from most fast bowlers, in as much as he isn't as fast as most. But I don't remember any quick merchant who varies his pace as much, who thinks his man out as carefully, or when he wants to, can put a surprise bouncer in so well or so quick.

I don't profess to be able to forecast whether Frank Tyson will be able to find his lost speed or not. All I know is that the Northants lad will be trying with every ounce he's got for his whole future is bound up with it. He has my sympathy and best wishes in his efforts too, for it's no easy job trying to find that elusive "something extra" which slipped away.

AWKWARD ACTION

I think Frank's task is especially hard because he has always had an awkward action with a tremendous amount of strength and strain in the final delivery. That last burst of effort gave him his super speed. But I suspect it has also led to many of the injuries which have hampered him in recent seasons. I would say that if Frank does make the comeback to best off the challenge of Trueman, Leader and Moss, it will be something to cheer about.

So my view is that England's opening attack may be made up of any permutation of this fine club of fast bowlers, with Statham and Trueman my idea of the strongest combination. But whichever pair gets the job England will not be let down and should count herself lucky in her wealth at the moment.

It strikes me that England have a lively lot of selectors, too, this year. They are already on the ball. They've given Peter May the captaincy job without any more about it and they've already got down to business, worrying about their batting problems I'll bet and content to leave the bowling ones to their final meeting.

It is amazing how fit Jim can do a team sometimes. At Notts we badly missed skipper Reg Simpson who still hasn't got clear from suspected disc trouble. Then, at Lord's recently, my room-mate and buddy Australian Alan Walker, got off all things, missed just when he had dropped into his best form and whipped away seven Middlesex wickets!

Have I been worried? I'll say I have. I've never had mumps and I don't think I want them now. But the main burden of this comment was the ill-luck to Notts. So for my own sake and Notts let's hope the bug doesn't bite again.

COACHING HINT

Check those wandering feet. At the beginning of any season a batsman's feet are apt to wander. If they do the shots wander, too, and the wickets go down. So carefully check the position of your left foot on the forward foot and in your off-side driving. It should be right out there as close to the pitch of the ball as the bat will allow. If it wanders down the leg side while you're pushing away the fatal gap will be wide open.

(Copyright)



Headaches, Toothaches, Colds, are quickly overcome by

CASPIN

By Order of the Stewards, A. E. ARNOLD, Secretary.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

DENIS COMPTON

By Archie Quick

When Denis Compton took the field at Lord's against Kent on May 8 he embarked upon his last season in first class cricket. It was in a historic occasion, not so nostalgic as his final appearance sometime this autumn will be, but heart-saddening nevertheless.

It was on 23 May 1939 that I first came to know the genial fifty-first birthday, and it coincided with the famous Yorkshireman, George Hirst's retirement as coach to Eton College, and I interviewed the pair of them in the professional's old dressing room down in the basement at Lord's. There they were, one on the threshold of a fabulous career, the other at 67 years of age, passing into the sporting shadows. George went home to Huddersfield to live for another fifteen years; Compton strode out conquering new fields in every corner of the cricketing world.

I always think now how characteristic it was that that double interview should have taken place in an out-of-the-way corner of the game's headquarters. It was thought good enough for the professional in those days; he had to use a separate gate to get on to the field. All that is democratically altered now, and the professional is in comfortable quarters, with the amateurs, above the Long Room.

PREMATURE RETIREMENT

Sometime next September Denis will leave the scene of his many triumphs at the comparatively early age of thirty-nine—a premature retirement enforced by the badly injured knee which has handicapped him this last season or two. Compton will always tell you that he has only himself to blame for the incapacitation. He had come back in April from an overseas tour, some time ago, and eagerly played in the last match of the season for Arsenal against Portsmouth at Highbury. He was crushed by full-back Harry Ferrier, and that was the beginning of his troubles. He never played League football again.

Now his cricketing swan song is upon us. He is a wealthy man, with a beautiful wife and family, and the most handsome of homes at Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire. He says he is going into business—but my guess is that he will settle down as a cricket and football journalist as well as dabbling in other commercial interests. Week-end club cricket now and then, perhaps, for he loves the game too much to wholly desert it.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. What is the record individual score in first class cricket, and who made it?
2. Which golfer won the British Open title in 1949, 1950 and 1951?
3. List the three World Heavyweight Boxing Champions in the order in which they won the title: Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Dempsey, Jack Johnson and John L. Sullivan.
4. Former world champions these, but at what sports: Bobby Riggs, Jack Sharkey and Jeanette Altwegg?
5. Is there a limit to the length or breadth of a lawn tennis racket?
6. Where is Tottenham Corner?
7. Who or what was Calamity Jane?
8. With what sports do you connect these poets: Lord Longdale, Lord Cobham and Lord Burghley?
9. May a golfer stand outside the limits of the teeing ground to play a ball teed inside the limits?
10. Mick the Miller was a famous (a) racing driver (b) horse or (c) greyhound?

(Answers See Page 17)

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

PLAYERS ARE NOT PUPPETS — THEY MAY HAVE A BIG BOMBHELL FOR THE CLUBS

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

"The relationship between Chinese clubs and players will be very much different when next season comes around...." That is what one of our foremost Chinese football officials said to me some weeks ago.

I have every reason to believe that as far as the intentions of some of the clubs are concerned that statement represents a faithful appreciation of how things are shaping.... but I must make it clear that it is only a club inspired attitude. What of the players?

It seems to have been taken for granted that whatever the club officials decide will of sheer necessity be acceptable to the players, and while it is probably true that the rich prosperous Chinese organisations are in a very commanding position as far as some of the players are concerned, I would venture to suggest that they are by no means in the over-riding position they would like to think they are.

The star players who, in recent years, have become used to certain privileges and provided as a result of their soccer endeavours, will certainly not take kindly to any drastic changes and already important influences are at work to encourage them to resist any "change of face" by the clubs in the Colony.

HIGHLY ORGANISED

Let me warn those who might scoff at this suggestion that such resistance may be highly organised if those people, who see the present circumstances as a fine opportunity to break the near stranglehold which has been exercised over the players, have their way. Their eventual actions may well be the biggest bombshell to hit Hong Kong football in years.... and although there may not be a loud audible bang when the explosion occurs, it will be as far-reaching, and from the clubs' point of view... as devastating.

...and now let me tell you something that will make quite a few soccer eyebrows shoot up in surprise. Especially when it has been pointed out that the personalities not in private to discuss this very problem. One of the triumvirate was a prominent player and after a long exchange of views, each went their separate ways to examine the circumstances and to keep a close watch on the developments of the next few weeks and months.

How I know about this meeting must for the moment at least remain my secret.... but even that is a good story and I hope I can tell it in the very near future.

GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

Congratulations are the order of the day for South China and in their last two games they certainly presented 18 good reasons why they should be crowned the season's "Double" champions. Six goals against KMB and 12 against the Royal Navy puts the seal on a great achievement. Especially when it has been accomplished with a brilliant forward line and a rugged rocky defence that must have given the club officials many a heart attack during the season.

The triumph belongs entirely to the forwards who, time and again, had to retrieve the situation after the tottering defence had failed to keep the opposition at bay. Whatever the circumstances the "double" is a great place of work, and whatever the circumstances there is no element of qualification in my sincere congratulations to skipper Chai Wing-wah and his South China colleagues. Well done, the Caroline Hillers.... and step back as the MacTavish Topper describes a wide parabola in salute.

Several times in the past few years I have criticised harshly the gross mishandling of injured players by some of the so-called "trainers" who descend on a poor unfortunate who happens to get a knock during a game. This side of Colony football has been.... and is fast still is.... dangerously neglected, and I have a deep rooted feeling that it will continue to do so until we run into a major tragedy. Then it will be improved as a bitter lesson of regret.... but that is leaving it too late.

The HKFA, as the body responsible for the management of our football affairs, must take up this matter immediately and I hope to hear that at least one of our Councilors has the sense of responsibility to put it on the agenda of a forthcoming meeting.

JUNIOR GAME

On Sunday in the Junior game which was played before the re-play of the Senior Shield Final at the Hong Kong Stadium a South China player was badly injured. The early diagnosis was that he had sustained a fracture to his left leg. His condition was such that he was eventually carried on a stretcher to the main entrance hall but, believe it or not, he was not loaded into an ambulance and taken to hospital until 30 pain-racked minutes had passed.... and that in spite of the fact that it is almost possible to throw a stone from where he lay into the back yards of a couple of hospitals.

Such treatment was no credit to the club whose colours were worn, and as such it was also a sad reflection on the HKFA. It is unthinkable and totally unacceptable that an injured player.... obviously suffering great pain.... should be stretched out like a curio in the public entrance hall of a great stadium where the noise on the big match day is intense. A man with an injury.... particularly a suspected fracture.... needs comfort, quiet.... and expert attention. This player did not get them. With the show game of the afternoon just about to start it may be that the team officials were busy, but how shabby and indifferent they looked in the public eyes.

Soccer fans who have the best interests of the game at heart must have been pleased when it was announced that a senior KMB official had written to the HKFA, demanding on behalf of his club, that any expensive presentations were made to their players after the Senior Shield Final. This is a step in the right direction.... BUT IT IS NOT ENOUGH. The HKFA now has two cards on its table. One is a

Every player who dons a club shirt deserves nothing less than the best that the club can give. In the last instance he deserves the best of attention, both on the field where it happens, or in the time that lapses until he can be placed in reliable and qualified medical hands.

On Sunday there was a great deal of recrimination between different officials of various organisations as to whose "inefficiency" had caused the delay in getting the injured player to hospital.

Personally I have little time for such inquiries unless they produce an answer which will ensure there is no repetition of the dangerous and undesirable hints we saw at the Hong Kong Stadium on Sunday.

SENIOR STARS

As an after thought to these observations I should like to mention that when Luk Tak-hay, one of South China's senior stars.... was injured during the big game against KMB, senior attendants, EXCLUDING the ambulance men, rushed out on to the playing field when Referee Tucker indicated that specialised assistance was required.... There must be a moral there somewhere, but I leave you to work it out for yourself....

Soccer fans who have the best interests of the game at heart must have been pleased when it was announced that a senior KMB official had written to the HKFA, demanding on behalf of his club, that any expensive presentations were made to their players after the Senior Shield Final. This is a step in the right direction.... BUT IT IS NOT ENOUGH. The HKFA now has two cards on its table. One is a

WORLD OF SPORT

A Courageous Man Is Pat McAteer — He Intends To Fight On

By DEREK JOHN

It sometimes takes a tragedy to hammer home a lesson. South African Middleweight Champion Jimmy Elliott died after being knocked out by British title-holder Pat McAteer in Johannesburg.

Almost immediately, Ron Barton, former British Cruiserweight Champion, announced his decision to quit the ring. And in America, Sugar Ray Robinson, who regained the World Middleweight Championship by beating Gene Fulmer the other week, says he may retire too.

Barton, the handsome 24-year-old who heaved most around Smithfield market before he took to professional boxing, has withdrawn from his scheduled fight with Tony Dove at Streatham on May 22, and his June 4 Harringay date with Terence Murphy.

So he is asking his fans to write and bid him whether he should continue boxing or not. "I will do whatever the majority say," he added.

But through it all, one man, and the one most affected, stands alone. Pat McAteer, whose victory station turned to sorrow when he heard the news of Elliott's death, intends to fight on.

"I have thought it over very carefully, and I have decided it was just one of those unfortunate things," he says.

A NOBLE ART

A courageous man is McAteer. Barring, although Dr. Edith Summerdell may disagree, is a noble art. It also has its traditions. McAteer could do far more harm than good to the game if he decided to quit now.

There is no real reason why he should leave the game he loves. He is right to stay. And time, we hope, will help him forget this unhappy event.

This boxing gloves that Elliott wore in his last

fatal fight were on top of his coffin when his body was carried to the cemetery.

Next to the gloves lay his favourite green dressing gown. More than 1,000 people attended the funeral.

You may laugh at the often-voiced opinion that sport brings the bitterest enemies together. You may argue that no amount of dressing room convivialities, or after the match pleasantries over a bottle of what you fancy, will clear the cloud of suspicion which hangs ominously between East and West.

But it helps. East and West Germany combined their efforts in some events for the Melbourne Olympics. Now Egypt and Israel are to fight side by side in the boxing, the who's who of London at Harringay on May 21.

A team of ten will be picked from a short list of boxers born in Morocco, Egypt, Poland, Turkey, Hungary, and Persia, as well as Israel.

Good punching to them!

(London Express Service).

(Copyright)

Sports Diary

TODAY

1st Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 2nd Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 3rd Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 4th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 5th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 6th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 7th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 8th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 9th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 10th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 11th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 12th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 13th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 14th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 15th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 16th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 17th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 18th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 19th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 20th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 21st Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 22nd Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 23rd Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 24th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 25th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 26th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 27th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 28th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 29th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 30th Division: Boro v Nott. CC, 31st Division: Boro v Nott. 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"TIME OUT" CONCLUDES HIS...

Reflections On The 1956/57 Senior Softball League

The Men's International series saw only four teams competing. A regular entrant, Pakistan, found difficulty in raising a side and did not participate. As was expected, the elimination rounds found the favourites getting through to the finals.

On Boxing Day, China nearly paid the penalty for underestimating the calibre of the opposition as an underdog Filipino squad, ambitiously aiming for an upset victory, refused to throw in the towel and battled the Chinese boys for the full nine-inning stretch before going down in glorious defeat.

China scraped through, but barely, to a victory which, on the day's showing, they did not deserve and a very different tale might have been told if the Filipino boys had come through with some power hitting in the last inning.

In the other game, Portugal easily accounted for a valiant but green Great Britain team made up of Dwins of the Senior "A" warriors, and eight Junior League players. The Lusitanians dictated terms right from the start and behind George Marques' steady hurling swept to victory by 29 runs to 11. The game had its moments of excitement—but these were few and far between—and the few fans with time on their hands were squinting uncomfortably in the stands long before the game ended.

The outlook was far different when Portugal faced China in the final on Easter Monday last. Vic Pedruco of the Blackhaws pitched a grand game to lead the Portugal side to a convincing 11-2 victory. This was a hard-fought tussle where sheer offensive power played a decisive role and once again the trophy rests on the Portuguese sideboard as it has done for many years.

LADIES' SECTION

The entries for the ladies' section proved disappointing as only two continents participated and a best-of-three series was decided on. In the opening game, a wet-behind-the-ears Portugal side was no match against a China side which had practically played together as a team during the season. The South China and Overseas girls joined forces to form the China team and this combination proved too strong for the Portuguese ladies who went down to a crushing 30-12 defeat. With a view to regaining some lost prestige, mentor Bill Silva tried to strengthen his team by calling on the services of some of the stars of yesteryears. Apparently his call fell on deaf ears as neither they (nor the understandably discouraged rookies) turned up for the return encounter and Silva had to forfeit the game.

Except for the Men's final, the standard of play in all the above games was well below that of past internationals. The cream of talent was on display to show their wares, but there wasn't much to impress the few spectators present.

The most notable visit this season was that of the Taiwan Pandas and the Taiwan Universal Girls' teams. They showed us how softball should be played and their playing ability and good sportsmanship made them worthy ambassadors of goodwill. Marvin Jennings,

guest player, more than lived up to the reputation that preceded him to these shores. The long-held opinion, in local softball circles, that pitchers are not supposed to show power at the plate was given the lie in certain fashion as both Jennings and the Universals' Lin Fung-tze turned out top-notch batting performances to steal the show.

SUPERB PITCHING

Jennings' superb pitching and stamina evoked much admiration and local hurriers who like when asked to do mound duty on consecutive days should hide their heads in shame.

An earlier visit to these shores was that by a squadron of the Canadian Navy. In an exhibition game against the Hongkong All-Stars, Pedgo of the Navy pitched a no-hitter and only a bad relay to second in an attempt to nip a base-stealing Gerry Remedios robbed him of a shut-out as Remedios crossed the plate for the locals' only run. The Navy made short work of Lam Ping who was replaced by Vic Pedruco and emerged triumphant by a score of 2 runs to 1.

While it is undeniable that visits by foreign sides have done much to do much to promote the game, it is equally undeniable that criticism in haste and without first ascertaining the facts can also be detrimental to the interests of the game. For this reason alone, the Canadians' visit will long be remembered—but it is not proposed to rub salt into an old wound.

It would be a great pity to local softball if the Association could find its way to reciprocating the visits of our friends from Taiwan, if not during the 1957/8 season then perhaps within the next two or three years. The difficulties are not insurmountable provided the right support for forwarding and the various snags can be ironed out.

SENIOR "B"

The Senior "A" stole a lot of thunder from the "B" Division which had only three teams competing. The P 1 Dodgers, eventual winners, behind the steady influence and hurling of veteran Fred Diesta won the championship by beating the Comets in a play-off game. The Dodgers' two defeats were walk-overs conceded to opponents.

In the play-off, much credit goes to Diesta as he overcame the physical handicap of a badly sprained ankle, which condition the Comets were well aware of, to scatter 5 hits in his team's 12-1 triumph.

These same Dodgers covered themselves with glory when

they hoisted the Philippines' national colours and went down to a glorious 1-3 defeat to China in the Men's International elimination game. The Dodgers showed all-round superiority over their nearest rivals, the Comets. The latter team had the honour of supplying the Senior "B's" M.V.P. David Fong.

The Hongkong University boys, with three years playing experience but lacking any outstanding players, nevertheless literally played the game. Their only victory in eight games was via the walkover route. They always tried hard to put up a good show, win or lose and though they never got within striking distance of either the Dodgers or Comets, are to be complimented for their sportsmanship.

LADIES' SENIOR LEAGUE
The softball scene was a dismal one as far as the Senior ladies were concerned. There were but two teams competing—South China and the Overseas, and frankly speaking both sides were not capable of the brand of ball to justify their participation in this league. After two victories over the Overseas, South China were handed the championship on a silver plate through the Overseas conceding them three walk-overs in succession. There were no players in either side who rate special mention.

It was indeed regrettable that the numerous non-Chinese schoolgirls laboured under the erroneous impression that their standard of play was unworthy of the Senior Ladies'. In the end-of-season Knock Out League series, the schoolgirls displayed a playing standard which matched that of their Senior counterparts.

It is therefore hoped that these Juniors will have a change of heart next season, as a Senior League with only two teams competing must surely be devoid of interest. With very little prospects of the champion Wahoons or the Colloens making come-backs, it's up to the younger generation to lend their support. The fact that four teams were entered in the Junior K O series shows that there was no dearth of interest of material available for the Seniors.

provided these Juniors can overcome their aversion to compete with their elder sisters. From time to time, items of interest concerning softball will crop up—and I shall try to keep you up-to-date on what goes on. But until the cry of "Play Ball" echoes once again through King's Park, I scribble begs your indulgence and asks for "TIME OUT!"

British Amateur Golf Championship

THOSE NEW WORLD NAMES SPELL DANGER TO JOHN BEHARRELL

Says BOB FERRIER

From Arizona to Ainsdale they will be gathering in a couple of weeks' time for the British Amateur Golf Championship at Formby and the draw throws up the annual prospect of great names and great matches.

And John Beharrell, defending champion, finds himself in the superficially easiest quarter of the draw.

He is in the bottom quarter with an opening match against T.A. Cowdr, of West Lancashire, and the best of the opposition will be Dale Morey, the American Walker Cup player, two other Americans in Alan Ellis and Richard Ross plus Alan Slater, Dr. F.W. Delgion, the Scottish champion, Arthur Perowne and young George Malsey.

Twenty-eight Americans, in fact, are included, the best of them being probably Jim McHale, a former winner in Bob Sweeney, and Frank Strafaci—all old stagers in the event. One doubts if McHale and Sweeney will in fact appear. All three are in the second quarter with Thirwell, Stowe, Busell and Neville Dunn.

AT THE TOP

At the top Peter Grant from Arizona meets a fellow American in John H. Selby from Appawamis. Also in this sector are Gene Andrews and Charles Dixon, an American from Germany who meets Philip Scruton in a second round match.

In the third quarter is a neat assortment of New World names—George T. Baird, Robert Kiersky, Preston Moore and, believe it or not, Damon Hieronymus—and a formidable home package of Carr, Michelson, Blane and Wolstenholme with Arthur Walker of South Africa, the new English amateur champion. Precisely 200 entrants were left so that no ballot for the

last places was necessary. Overseas entrants totalled 37 including 28 Americans, three South Africans and others from Denmark, Italy, Jamaica, Kenya, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. The Scots number 25, the Irish nine.

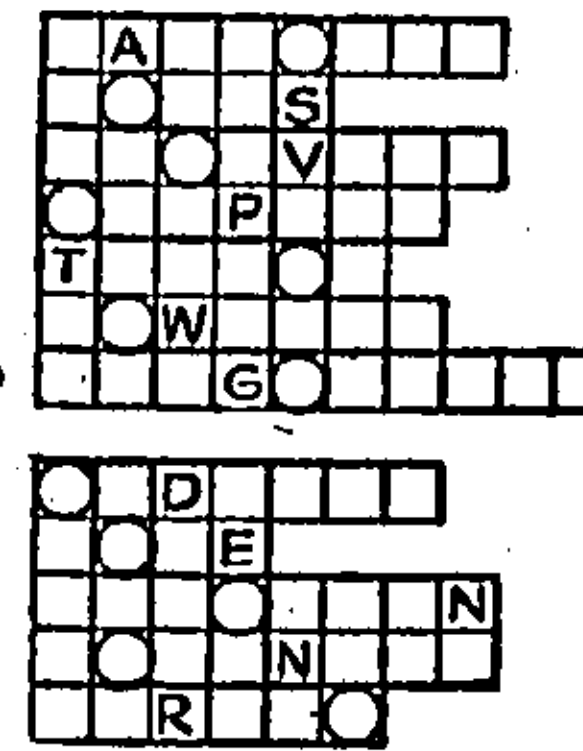
(London Express Service).
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NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?

- 1 Part of a sunbather?
- 2 Wigwags?
- 3 Arab convoys?
- 4 Flying this
- 5 Found in India
- 6 In butcher's shops?
- 7 Phone the boss
- 8 Little people
- 9 Telegram
- 10 More little people
- 11 Playing the fool
- 12 Piccadilly?



Solution on Back Page

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Olympic Stars Dominate 1957 U.S. Track Season With Two World Records

By CORNELIUS RYAN

New York.

Two new world records, one world record tied, and Ron Delany ran his winning streak to 18 straight races—these were the features of the 1957 track season in the U.S.

As was to be expected, Olympic stars dominated the season and there were no new stars, although there were some promising newcomers who may be true stars in the future. Lee Calhoun, Milt Campbell, Charles Jenkins, Tom Courtney, Delany, Greg Bell, Glenn Davis, Bob Richards, and O'Brien, all gold-medal winners at Melbourne, saw action in indoor meets.

Bobby Morrow, winner of both Olympic sprints, and high jump winner Charley Dumas were missing, since both attend schools which have no indoor teams and are some 3,000 miles from the Eastern metes.

Of the Olympic champions, 800-metre winner Courtney probably had the unhappy indoor season, since he was consistently beaten by Aral Sowell, but even so the season was not a complete failure—Courtney tied the world 600-yard record in a race at Boston when he was selected 100.3. A week later, in the Millrose 600-yard run at New York, Sowell beat Courtney again and set a new world record of 1.50.3.

The other new world mark was Milt Campbell's 7.0 seconds for the 60-yard high hurdles. Campbell, Olympic decathlon champion, beat Olympic 110-metre hurdles champion Calhoun three times during the indoor season, but then Calhoun beat Campbell three times, including

a victory in the national indoor championships. Since there are no 400-metre or 440-yard indoor races, Olympic champion, Charley Jenkins had to run 600 yards. He won the first two races of the season, then lost to Courtney and then to Reggie Peartman, but came back to win the 600-yard race in the national championships with Courtney third. The winning time was 1.10.4.

HIS BEST TIME

Delany, the affable Irishman who attends Villanova University in Philadelphia, won every mile race he entered but set no records, since he runs only to win. His best time was 4.03.6, at Chicago on March 16, just two-tenths of a second off Glenn Nielsen's world indoor mark, but six days later Delany won at Cleveland in a slow 4.10.4. In the national college championships Delany scored an unprecedented "double" by taking the 1,000-yard and two-mile runs, in 2.14.0 and 9.06.0,

respectively, the latter an NCAA record.

Greg Bell, the Olympic long jump champion, turned in the second-best long jump in history, 25 feet 7 inches, in the Big Ten Conference meet, and Glenn Davis, 400-metre hurdle champion, competed in five different events for his school, Ohio State U., and scored well in all although he set no records.

The biggest disappointment was self-exiled Hungarian star Laszlo Tabari, a four-minute mile who just couldn't win on the boards. But it was easily understandable—Tabari had no previous experience on the small, 11-laps-to-the-mile track, and he was running against Delany, who had not only talent but ample experience.

NO VISITING STARS

A Polish boy, Jan Mieczkowski, who is known to his teammates as "Double" University classmates, so John Mary de-

THE GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



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